THIS WRITING GAME, BY JOHN R. TUNIS

The Saturday Review of Literature

Vol. XXIV No. 22 | New York, Saturday, September 20, 1941 | Fifteen Cents

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGES

"NO OTHER ROAD TO FREEDOM"
By Leland Stowe
Reviewed by Linton Wells

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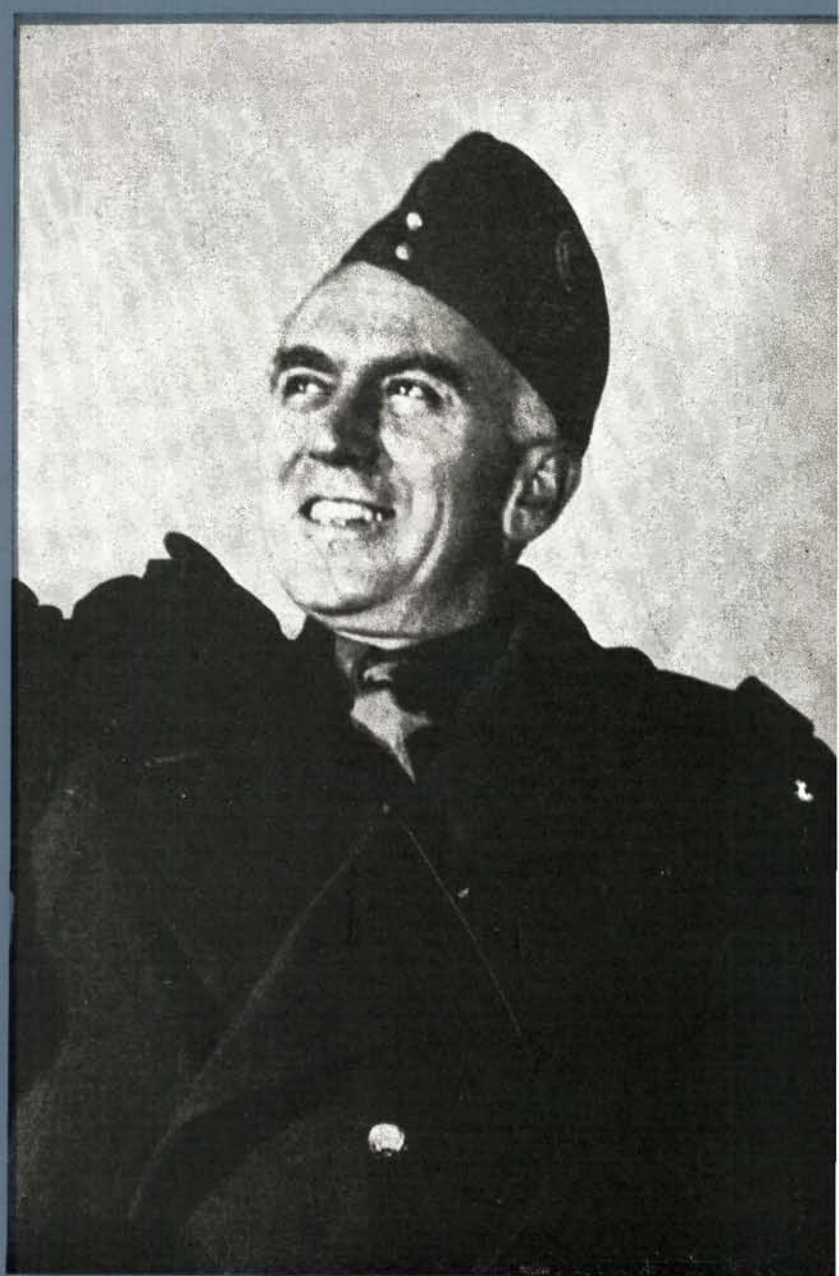

LELAND STOWE holds that between right and wrong you cannot be neutral . . . *(See page 5)*

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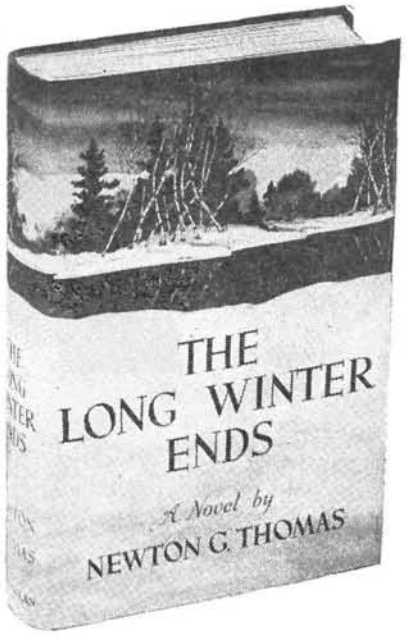

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The Saturday Review of Literature

This Writing Game

JOHN R. TUNIS

THE other day I was sitting at my desk when the telephone rang. It was the editor of one of the largest magazines in the country. He wanted an article on a subject that interested me; price seven hundred and fifty dollars. There was no research necessary, and no hurry about getting it in; but I liked the idea and went to it. The piece was finished and sent away in three mornings' work. On the fifth day the editor came back with a letter congratulating me on the piece which he was using without the change of a word. A check for seven fifty was enclosed.

Two months later the article appeared. Dozens of readers wrote or wired in to the editor commending the article and asking for more of the same. Accordingly he commissioned four others at a thousand apiece. A digest magazine asked permission to reprint the article in shortened form, and offered five hundred dollars.

This is the way we wish it would happen. Now I'll show you what it's really like, this writing business.

Because that's what it is, a business. Not an exact business, like the science of making refrigerators or tractors, but a business nevertheless. The writer today, as always, one suspects, is a good business man. If he isn't, he'd better be or he'll starve. The environs of New York from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Montauk, Long Island, are spattered with unsuccessful writers who sit waiting for that mythical editor to call them on the telephone. They aren't business men. So they eventually end by chucking the writing game and taking a job doing publicity for a soap merchant. Thus falling back into business which they had been trying to avoid.

In the outline that follows, you will trace an article from its inception as an idea to its last dying gasp when some reader digs up a two-year-old copy of the magazine in a barber shop, and pounces on the author for some mistake. Remember, writers are individualistic, they are all different. This method of writing here described happens to be my method. It is not the best way. It is not in fact the only way. All I can plead for it is that it has kept me in bread and butter and shoestrings for twenty tough years, so it can't be entirely wrong. Or wholly divorced from reality.

There are ten or a dozen steps in the fabrication of a sellable article for a magazine, and I want you to come along and help me write this particular one. I'll try to spare you as much effort as possible, but there's some work you'll just have to do.

WHAT's the first thing a writer needs? An idea. Where shall we find one? Ideas surround us. They come from reading, especially the newspapers. From friends. While you are shaving. Once I lost a trunk in Victoria Station in London, and on the strength of that experience wrote an article on baggage which sold to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Ideas are everywhere, provided you keep your eyes open. Crossing 5th Avenue and 42nd Street one day I found a $5 gold piece on the pavement. From that grew an idea on coins which developed into a sellable article. Ideas beget ideas. When you look for them you usually find them.

John R. Tunis

An idea that might be timely, and unless our idea is timely it's no more use than a sick headache, would be something about defense. Defense is in the air, although we have to remember that it may soon be outmoded and become offense before we can publish any story. Something about youth and defense might be timely. What's that? You got it! Earn, learn, train. Fine! An article on how young people can study in vocational schools, technical schools, and colleges, prepare for the coming struggle, and at the same time maybe earn a little cash. Maybe there's an idea right there.

What's next? The next thing is to consult that invaluable document, the *Readers' Guide,* not to be confused with the *Readers Digest* which is a magazine. In the *Readers' Guide* you'll find listed all authors and their published ideas. This publication keeps pretty well up to date. If no one has written on the subject, let's try to sell the idea. Selling ideas, like selling anything else is not fun. It's hard work. But it is necessary and important. Here you perceive the business end of the writing game.

First, we need more information. Maybe we can get it at one of the local colleges. Probably we will have to spend a day or two in Washington visiting the Office of Education and asking questions of officials at the various educational councils who have headquarters there. On our return we have some idea of what we will say; at least enough to see an editor. We spend a day talking over the idea, planning a possible article, trying to point it at some magazine. To do that intelligently, we go to the library, read some back numbers of this particular publication. We buy a copy and study it. I'm amazed at how many writers fail to use common sense in selling. Obviously what's suited to Magazine A, would be out of place in Magazine B. Study your market carefully. Then go out and sell.

We decide on Magazine A. Calling

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on the telephone, we get an appointment with one of the editors. He is only the third assistant to one of the five associate editors, to be sure. Never mind, he can tell us quickly enough whether the idea is good. He'll listen. Because good ideas are none too numerous. Actually he turns out to be polite but doubtful. Their inventory is pretty full. He guesses they wouldn't be interested. So we must try elsewhere.

Magazine B is a woman's magazine, so we must slant our approach differently, and play up the woman's angles. (Let's not forget, however, that women have sons and are interested in their future.) The editor of this rag dwells in a fairy castle on the 45th floor of a skyscraper. His boudoir is done in mauves and pale modern tints, and he turns out to be amiable and agreeable. But behind the hand which covers his mouth as he leans over his desk, we can see he isn't very receptive. No, he explains, that's hardly up their street. We must try again.

Discouraged? Stick along. We may have to see four, five, six or more magazines before we get any encouragement. If it's a good idea, stay with it. Luckily we have, because Magazine C is interested. The editor would like to know more about the subject. Here! Show him that outline you have prepared which is in your pocket. It's short, about a page and a half, and tells our story in brief. The opening paragraph reads something like this:

"He's 18 and he's worried. Next fall he is one of a million who plans to enter college. But he realizes sooner or later he may be drafted. Naturally he wants to prepare for that event. While studying he would like to train himself to be useful in national defense. Can it be done? This is a how-to-do story; explaining how young Americans can complete their education and at the same time prepare for military service if war isn't finished when they have to register."

The editor reads the outline and thinks. He folds it thoughtfully. He'd like to show it to Mr. Jones, the boss. That's all the encouragement we get. Five days later a brief note comes from him. Mr. Jones merely states that the idea sounds interesting and that he would like to have a look at the finished job. No promises. No commitments, Just that, nothing more.

Well, that's about all the encouragement we can expect, so let's get going. After all, it is now May. Most magazines make up several months in advance, and this story ought to appear before school opens, preferably in mid-August. So we haven't a moment to lose.

Now comes the dismal part, the search for material. This is the foundation, the groundwork, the basis of our finished product. If well and truly done, the article may be good. Otherwise it will certainly be slipshod and unacceptable. No one else can do this research. We must take time to do it thoroughly. That means one more visit to Washington, this time for three to five days. It means a careful study of the actual training work being done in the colleges and vocational schools in our vicinity. We must investigate the branches of the Civil Aeronautics Authority in the neighborhood, the R. O. T. C. at nearby colleges, the various courses in schools on defense work.

All this will take at least a week, ten days, perhaps two weeks of legwork. We can't afford to skimp in either time, money, or effort. The editor of one of the nation's largest weeklies was saying to me recently that as soon as writers start selling magazines they become careless and turn stuff out hurriedly. What he meant was that they cut down the inevitable legwork.

We've been nearly two weeks off and on in preparing this article. Now comes the hard work, the writing. This is by no means as hard as the rewriting, unto the third and fourth version. What's that? You're sick of the thing by this time? Your enthusiasm, your creative urge is dead? Of course. Now it's plain drudgery. Stick with it. We must, if we hope to achieve a good article. Anyone can write. But the guy who is good is the man who sits rewriting until nothing is left to do.

Next comes the checking. It may even mean one more trip to Washington. We must check every fact, every name, every place, every date. Even so, we'll make mistakes. Don't worry too much if they are not essential ones. In twenty years during which I've averaged from fifty to seventy-five published articles every twelve months, I've seldom composed one barren of mistakes. But let's do our best. We should have some authority read it, too. Take it to Mr. Robinson, a Foundation official, and have him read it impartially. To our surprise, he finds a good many items to question.

The final draft is now finished, and at last sent on its way. Follows, as the movies say, a day of suspense. Yes, and then some. Luckily there's other work at hand. Proofs of a book to correct. Another article to get ready. Writers can't afford to waste time; it's all they've got. So we turn to something else while four days, then a week, then ten days go past. Be patient. Remember the editor has dozens of manuscripts on his desk. He may

(Continued on page 18)

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIV, No. 22, September 20, 1941. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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At the Crossroads of Civilization

NO OTHER ROAD TO FREEDOM. By Leland Stowe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 432 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

IF Leland Stowe were not one of those few remaining reporters who hold that between right and wrong you cannot be neutral, he could never have written "No Other Road To Freedom"—a masterly chronicle of his seventeen memorable months of ordeal and conversion abroad—a clarion warning to America that must not go unheeded.

Stowe spent thirteen years on the New York *Herald-Tribune* foreign staff. When called home in 1935 to "regain his American perspective," he was head of its Paris bureau, had won a merited Pulitzer Prize, and been made a Chevalier of the Legion d'-Honneur. During the next four years, Stowe piddled around with American political matters and enjoyed a brief but illuminating participation in the Spanish Civil War.

When Hitler exploded the world powder magazine two years ago, Lee was thirty-nine and prematurely grey —"too old to cover the war," the *Herald-Tribune* told him. He offered his services to the enterprising *Chicago Daily News,* which most of us who have worked overseas regard as possessing the world's outstanding foreign news service. Recognizing journalistic competence, Colonel Knox hired Stowe instantly and ten days after Hitler's slaves marched into Poland, Lee was flying the Atlantic.

Like those of us who had watched at first hand Europe's disintegration after World War I, Leland Stowe then was essentially an isolationist and justifiably so. For years, his, too, had been a voice crying in the wilderness, protesting against ostrich-like European statesmanship which ignored the Nazi rattlesnake, warning of impending aggression, and enduring abuse as a consequence.

When Stowe landed in London on September 13, 1939, he was pretty "sour about Munich and the men who made Munich." It was his sincere conviction that the "criminal coöperation" of British and French leaders had created the monstrous dictatorships in Germany and Italy. Without appreciating the extent of the Nazi menace, he believed that Britain and France must therefore face the music and pay the fiddler, without any assistance whatever from the U. S.

This belief was strengthened during the early "sitz-krieg" days of the war. Hourly he grew more shocked over British complacency, the lack of British fighting spirit, preparations, purpose, leadership. France was no more encouraging. A survey tour of the Low Countries and Scandinavia brought even more discouragement, as he saw how these countries held to isolation and strict neutrality, refusing to unite their strength even to combat the Nazi psychological offensives then progressing with devastating effect.

Then Russia attacked Finland and Stowe left the peacefulness of reactionary England and rushed off to the Arctic wastes and journalistic immortality. He was bombed and machine-gunned by the Russians from one end of frost-bitten Finland to the other, as he reported Finland's "magnificent epic." This may be ancient history, but it still makes fascinating reading.

After Finland collapsed, "because the governments of Paris, London, and Washington debated too long what to do," Stowe went to Norway. He was in Oslo when "all hell broke loose on April 9, 1940"—when fewer than 1,500 German soldiers and a few airplanes took possession of the Norwegian capitol, aided and abetted by betrayers within, which Stowe was the first to reveal.

Later, he joined the ineptly organized, poorly supported Anglo-French expeditionary force, which belatedly reached Norway. Stowe escaped to Nazi-dominated Sweden and avoided being massacred along with many of its hapless members. He flew to the Soviet Union and "saw nothing and learned nothing to justify a hope that Stalinist Russia could stem the tide of Hitler's Brown Bolshevism" if and when Germany turned on the U.S.S.R.

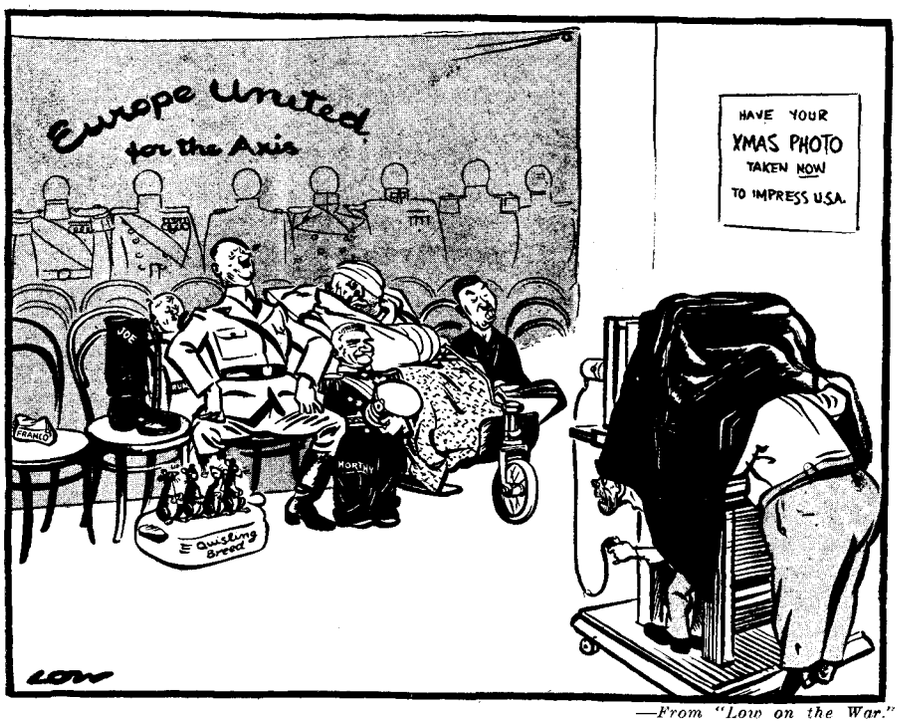
Thereafter, he went to graft-ridden, pleasure-loving Rumania and there, as well as in other Balkan countries during the summer of 1940, he watched the invasion of the "German locusts." He saw the apostles, manipulators, and architects of Hitler's so-called New Order take over one nation after another, destroying the will to resist by intimidation and false promises—by concentrating upon the vulnerable upper classes and convincing them that Nazi protection would be infinitely safer and more profitable than Bolshevist domination.

By now, Stowe was aware that, instead of covering a war, he was witnessing a revolution in operation and spreading throughout the world, even to menace the aloof United States.

When Italy attacked Greece, Stowe rushed to Athens and during the winter of 1940 he was in the bleak Albanian mountains sharing the glory that was Greek resistance.

Lee came home by a roundabout route through Africa early this year, before the Greeks and the Yugoslavs were ground under the heel of Nazi barbarism. But the Leland Stowe that came back was no longer an isolationist. His dislike for the British was now less important than his appreciation of the unequalled menace of Nazism—an awareness which he has been able to convey to his readers.

Stowe is convinced that Nazi Germany can be defeated, but he now believes the only power which can conceivably do it is the United States. Although it means suffering and danger, he says, "we shall do this thing and by so doing America shall live, because there is no other road to freedom."



—From "Low on the War."

Family Portrait, B. A. R. (before the attack on Russia).

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The Tinted Carousel

THE RED DECADE. By Eugene Lyons. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1941. 423 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

EUGENE LYONS has given us a record, at once brilliant, thorough, and valuable, of one of the strangest lapses into utopianism that ever afflicted a large part of the American intelligentsia. In the circles of those whom H. L. Mencken once irreverently called "Grand Street Platos," in Union Square and Greenwich Village and their counterparts in other cities, keeping up with the Joneses implied a constant process of being redder than your neighbor.

On the basis of total ignorance or of that dangerous little knowledge so often generated by a high-powered conducted tour of Moscow, Leningrad, and one or two handpicked model prisons and collective farms (no kulak corpses or Ogpu private interrogations of prisoners on display), a gigantic myth grew up of a Soviet paradise that far excelled the backward Western countries in all the social virtues and was rapidly outstripping them in material standard of living. The Communist Party was swift to take advantage of this irrepressible desire of many liberals and radicals to worship at the Moscow shrine.

An elaborate network of "innocents' organizations" came into existence, organizations with such avowedly worthy purposes as combatting unemployment, promoting peace, attacking fascism. While some individuals doubtless entered these organizations in good faith, the levers of control were tightly held by trusted Communists who plied the "Party line" whip mercilessly and achieved the most amazing intellectual gyrations in accordance with the dictates of Soviet foreign policy.

Nearly everyone can recall the atmosphere of the "Red Decade." But it remained for Eugene Lyons to put together all the relevant facts and to reconstruct the social history of this amazing aberration without leaving out a single essential detail and without pulling a single punch. The book is a veritable Who's Who of cocktail Reds and penthouse Pinks and anyone who at any time signed his name to a mouthfilling manifesto or joined a movement for proletarian tapdancing or for Leninism in literature will find the fact recorded with embarrassing accuracy.

The author has also carried out some intensive research in the history of the American Communist Party. He gives a lively picture of the American Stalin, Earl Browder, now in the hoosegow for passport fraud, and shows this official leader of American communism not as a heroic or picturesque or formidable or sinister figure, but as a total washout, a frightfully dull mediocrity. It is the Browder type that is produced in all the subject Communist parties by the system of controlling from Moscow the smallest details of Communist Party activity in other countries.

The amusing play of factional intrigue in the ranks of the American Communists and the frequent excommunications of comrades who missed the bus in the constant game of trying to think what Stalin would want them to think next are described with many illustrative examples. The august Browder himself went on record shortly before the Stalin-Hitler Pact stigmatizing as a base capitalist calumny the mere suggestion of such a possibility.

What was often grim tragedy in the Soviet Union, the purging of dissident comrades, became low comedy in the United States. For there was no Ogpu at the disposal of the ruling faction and all that could be done to the Gitlows, Lovestones, Cannons, and other heretics was to call them bad names, to which the latter, if they could run a paper of their own on a shoestring of capital, could and did reply in kind.

Communism, as Mr. Lyons shows, has never been a mass political movement in the United States. There has never been a Communist member of either House of Congress and the membership of the Communist Party has wavered around fifty thousand.

The Communists have made themselves felt by their aptitude for a rather cheap kind of gang politics in trade unions, Government offices, the book review columns of certain newspapers and magazines, and some professional associations. By inserting themselves into key positions they could often wield an influence out of all proportion to their numbers or to their intellectual merits. To expose this influence is, one hopes, to weaken it; and Mr. Lyons has done an extremely good job of exposure.

The author is so acidly critical in his comments on the leading figures of the Red Decade (and it is surprising how many well-known names are to be found among them) that this reviewer sometimes found himself trying to arouse a little sympathy for them. The attempt, however, was not successful. About the whole movement there was something vicarious, flabby, intellectually lazy. The Stalin-Hitler Pact and the attack on Finland marked the end of the Red Decade, and for those who could not break themselves of the Soviet opiate, there was always the Dean of Canterbury.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

This week's quiz is submitted by William King, of the St. Louis Public Library, who figures that doing so is one way to get 100 percent. Whip out a pencil and match up these autobiographies with their authors. Allowing 4 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 72 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. A Goodly Heritage.	—— Frances Alda.
2. A Peculiar Treasure.	—— George Arliss.
3. At Thirty-three.	—— Maurice Baring.
4. The Bridge.	—— Mary Ellen Chase.
5. Crowded Hours.	—— Irvin S. Cobb.
6. Exit Laughing.	—— Noel Coward.
7. Green Worlds.	—— Ely Culbertson.
8. Happy Days.	—— Geraldine Farrar.
9. The Inky Way.	—— Edna Ferber.
10. Men, Marriage, and Me.	—— Maurice Hindus.
11. Men, Women, and Tenors.	—— James Huneker.
12. Midstream.	—— Peggy Hopkins Joyce.
13. Monogram.	—— Helen Keller.
14. My Day in Court.	—— Eva LeGallienne.
15. My Garden of Memories.	—— Lotte Lehmann.
16. On Wings of Song.	—— Alice Roosevelt Longworth.
17. Present Indicative.	—— Seumas McManus.
18. The Puppet Show of Memory.	—— Somerset Maugham.
19. The Rocky Road to Dublin.	—— H. L. Mencken.
20. Steeplejack.	—— Edwin Muir.
21. The Strange Lives of One Man.	—— Ernest Poole.
22. The Story and the Fable.	—— Alice Hegan Rice.
23. Such Sweet Compulsion.	—— G. B. Stern.
24. The Summing Up.	—— Arthur Train.
25. Up the Years from Bloomsbury.	—— Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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While the Bombs Dropped

WHERE STANDS A WINGED SENTRY. By Margaret Kennedy. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 251 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS honest bread-and-butter book, without frills, without dramatics, without a single excursion into adventure, tells how a British family faced up to the dark realities of the war during the anxious summer of 1940; and how the people about them, first in Surrey and later in a coastal town full of evacuees, accepted the grim necessities of the hour. When the diary-record begins, France is slowly crumpling to her knees, and the British people are realizing with horror—but without panic—that they will soon stand alone against the Nazi machine. When the chronicle ends, the first heavy German daylight attacks upon London have just been repelled. Margaret Kennedy does not don a uniform, run an ambulance, or even fight incendiary bombs; she interviews no dignitaries, and witnesses no more thrilling sight than the flight of a squadron of the R.A.F. Nor does she tell much of the changes produced in British daily life by the Nazi smash. What she does do extremely well is to tell what she and her neighbors were thinking.

When Pearl, the alley-cat servant girl from a slum home, heard that Hitler said he would be in London by August 15, she burst out in scorn: "Eh! The cheeky monkey!" But for a time in May and June a great many Britons were deeply worried. Margaret Kennedy herself asked a friend: "Should we have a chance of winning if the French went out?" That was when the Home Guard, or rather the men who later went into the Guard, were armed with "George Pike's rook rifle" and some clubs. She made ready for invasion—money, boots, knapsacks, an iron ration to carry. But when the trains laden with men from Dunkerque came through Surrey on the way to London, the British began to catch their self-confidence again.

At the town on the West Coast the spirit was high. One lady said: "The news lately has been rather *queer*, hasn't it?" That was as far as anybody would go. It is not strange that Margaret Kennedy, who is half Irish, describes the British character as fundamentally imperturbable, or as she puts it, unimpressionable. Nothing startles or changes the British very much. "We seem so incapable of any kind of impression that we appear fabulously stupid. And then we don't always behave so stupidly, so people think we must be hypocrites and insincere." But back of the British stolidity and seeming stupidity, the aloofness and impenetrability, is a sense of abiding ideals. "It is this deep unconscious sway of spiritual values which makes our people stalwart and strongly conscious of their dignity as human beings. It animates our funny old institutions, and makes them something alive, and, when geared to battle, terribly tenacious and formidable."

This is not an important book; it does not pretend to be. Much of it is very trivial. None of it is exciting. But it is human; in a few places it is moving, and in more than a few it shows genuine insight.

Margaret Kennedy

The Girl Grew Bolder

THE GOLDEN VIOLET. By Joseph Shearing. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 321 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

SHEARING is, to this reviewer's mind, the best serious writer of high romance now publishing, and this book is quite as good as, if not a shade better than, "The Crime of Laura Sarelle," "Aunt Beardie," "The Spider in the Cup," and "Blanche Fury." The author does everything well—distinct and creditable characters, vivid incident, suspense as good as Stevenson's, and if the backgrounds incline to the exotic, so did Stevenson's.

The central and changing character in "The Golden Violet" is a gooey female serialist of the English 1840's, famous under the name of Angel (for Angelica) Crowley. Reared under the influence of a pious mother and a cross-grained aunt, Angel has become the Pollyanna of her time with such titles as "Clara Martin, or The Erring Daughter," "The Crown of Virtue."

Angel is 27; so when the solid but slightly sinister Mr. Thicknesse offers her a large estate in England and a plantation in Jamaica to ameliorate his widowership, Angel knows that the hero of her novels—the same in all of them—has definitely missed the boat, and she accepts, with some qualms.

The qualms are quite justified. The estate is mortgaged to the hilt and the plantation needs thousands of pounds to make it run; Mr. Thicknesse had discovered that Angel had £10,000 in the Fund and was regularly earning £1,000 or so more a year. Since Angel believes in her own nonsense she meekly turns over everything she has to Mr. Thicknesse.

The girl is so ineffably silly at the beginning of the book that she takes these blows with only a little toughening and returns for more. The next one is that her husband never has any intention of occupying the conjugal bed. It later proves that Thicknesse thinks Angel homely and he is already well satisfied with a beautiful quadroon slave on the plantation.

Blow after blow toughens "Mary" and beats a little sense into her head, but the principal part of the story, set in Jamaica, deals with the events that make an intelligent, attractive, and resourceful woman of the inane girl spinster. The climax is where she discovers the real hero, a substantial one, instead of the one she had written. It would not be fair to tell the drastic difference between the real hero and the fictional one, which brings about the final highly dramatic struggle between the old Angel and the "becoming" one.

The Slave Rebellion, the death of the hero, and the revenge of which the new Angel is capable, with a sardonic postlude, complete the book. The difficulty in reviewing Shearing's books is that if one shows the audience where the rabbits are, the trick is no good—which is not a very dignified figure to use in connection with a story that does not rest on tricks at all, but on solid logical development.

The title comes from the silly serial Angel is completing as the book starts and whose final chapter she finds it increasingly difficult to write as the book proceeds. Not content with having taken the equivalent of more than one hundred thousand dollars in modern values from the girl, Thicknesse blusters at her for not working more rapidly to get more money for him. This author can be cruel, with a character or with a scene.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
Executive Editor
William Rose Benét } *Contributing*
Elmer Davis } *Editors*
Harrison Smith
Publisher
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WAR AND LITERATURE

THE war in which a great part of the world is now actively or sporadically engaged began in August, 1914. The first phase ended in 1918 after devastating part of Europe and killing twenty millions of people. The peace that followed led to starvation and economic breakdown. It was like the exhaustion that follows a severe attack of tropical fever. In this case, the war disease broke out again in Asia after little more than a decade of intermission and has raged intermittently ever since.

If war is to be cured before the fruits of man's labors and hopes for centuries have perished, it must be understood—not only by the scientist but by man himself. Though we know and have catalogued a thousand causes, we do not even know the germ that lies at the root of war. Is war a universal trait of all mankind, part of man's mind—a vestigial though dangerous structure apt to flare up suddenly, like an appendix? Are there carriers of war who appear to be normal until the plague springs from them; and is the cure, then, their eradication or confinement by other masses of men not similarly infected? Is the building of a new and sanitary world order in which all can live in peace the answer, and is that cure possible while war is alive, or while peoples are exhausted in the periods of apathy that follow war?

The time to study war is while it rages, while the minds of millions of men are awake to its terrors and its fascinations. After the peace treaties are signed, people are busy remaking torn lives, or plunging into revolution and further chaos, ultimately succumbing to lethargy and exhaustion, or, if they belong to the conquering nations, to the hope that the machinery for peace will end the menace forever.

In a land where the press is free, the best way to study and analyze the war malady is through the literature that war produces. For a year or more after war's outbreak, the thoughts of even the most intelligent reader are obscured by his personal need to satisfy his own intense curiosity, to justify the war to himself, to decide that one side is right and the other wrong, or to be convinced that his own country must engage in it.

After two years as a spectator, the average American has reached this point: his curiosity about what this new mechanized warfare is like is satisfied, if not satiated. He has seen the Nazi panzer divisions crush one European country after the other; he has seen cities destroyed; buildings, sacred with the weight of centuries, converted into rubble; men, women, and children killed. American writers and correspondents have shown him Finns dying in the sub-Arctic in defense of their homeland; Englishmen and women huddled in the shelters of London, Coventry, and Plymouth while death rode the sky; Belgian and French refugees killed on the crowded roads to the South; heroic Greek troops mowed down with their British comrades on the slopes of Mount Olympus; men dying on the burning sands of Africa, and drowned in the freezing North Atlantic.

Yes; Americans now know the present manifestation of the disease for what it is. From the Spanish revolution to today there now exists an extensive literature on the aims and methods of the axis countries for the control and domination of Europe and a large part of Asia, and even of the rest of the world. The books pouring from the presses of American publishers have convinced our people of two facts: that war today is more terrible and more destructive than it has ever been; that the nations that have upset the uneasy peace in which we lived must be stopped.

In these two years, the first phase of America's education has been completed. But the great task remains. We now know war for what it is, but we must somehow make up our minds as to the kind of peace that must follow it. And if we fail in making a just peace, leaving large sections of the world starving and without hope, then that brutal peace will have to be implemented with arms so that it may endure as long as possible. However small or great a part America takes in the actual conflict, it is apparent that as the only great country whose vitality and resources will be almost unimpaired, it must have an immense share in the burden of restoring the world to a condition where men, at least for a time, can live without war.

To emerge from this war without hatred, to bind up the world's wounds and to start again the wheels of commerce and normal life in countries paralyzed by war, despair, and revolution will take resolution and knowledge. The knowledge will be found by the ordinary man in the books that will be published in the next two or three years. It is too much to ask of any citizen that he read even half of them. But the best of them he should read and digest. We must have a public educated for peace when at long last the guns have been put down

H. S

Sonnet

By Jesse Stuart

SWEEP on, you wind, upon upheavaled earth.
Batter the sides of hills with snow and rain.
Sweep on from your uncertain birth till death;
Batter this earth, do it again, again!
For what to you is any thunder clap,
And what to you is any lightning whip?
And what is horseweed blood and greentree sap.
And what to you is wild fern's sweet rain drip?
Sweep on, eternal wind, sweep down on me,
As you would any berry briar now sleeping.
Sweep down on me and strip me like the tree
You stripped in autumn—only keep the strippings.
Bury them with me in earth thunder-shaken.
Make the world new, I pray; let me awaken!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Call the Irregulars

SIR:—Mr. Haycraft, as an authority on detective stories, will no doubt be quite embarrassed when he discovers that the phrase which he ascribes to Dorothy Sayers is in reality her quotation of one of Sherlock Holmes's favorites, *viz.*, "When you have eliminated (all) the impossible (ities), then, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth." Chap. VI "The Sign of the Four."

STEPHANIE K. STEVENS.
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

SIR:—Yes, Sherlock Holmes said it, in much the same words as Miss Sayers later used. And he said it on a number of other occasions in different language—as did Dupin before him. In partial extenuation, may I say that the *SRL* article was of necessity condensed. In my "Murder for Pleasure" (which Mrs. Stevens has possibly seen, as it has now been published) the quotation is followed by this amplifying statement: " . . . which has been relied on and often re-stated by all the better sleuths in the decades which have followed." I trust this will partly mitigate the apparent and unintended slight to Sherlock, than which nothing could be farther from my intentions as a junior but practising Baker Street Irregular. The main point, however, still stands, I think: that the axiom was originally Poe's and that all subsequent statements of it, by Doyle and others, are paraphrases.

Miss Sayers's use, in fact, was probably a double paraphrase; for examination of the preface to her First Omnibus will show quite clearly, I believe, that her approximation of Holmes's language was unconscious rather than conscious quotation. For that matter, Doyle paraphrased himself on at least one occasion. The statement in "The Sign of Four" which Mrs. Stevens has accurately identified, is repeated—as Christopher Morley has already reminded the erring undersigned, more in sorrow than anger—with the change of only a single word in the closing passages of the short story "The Beryl Coronet."

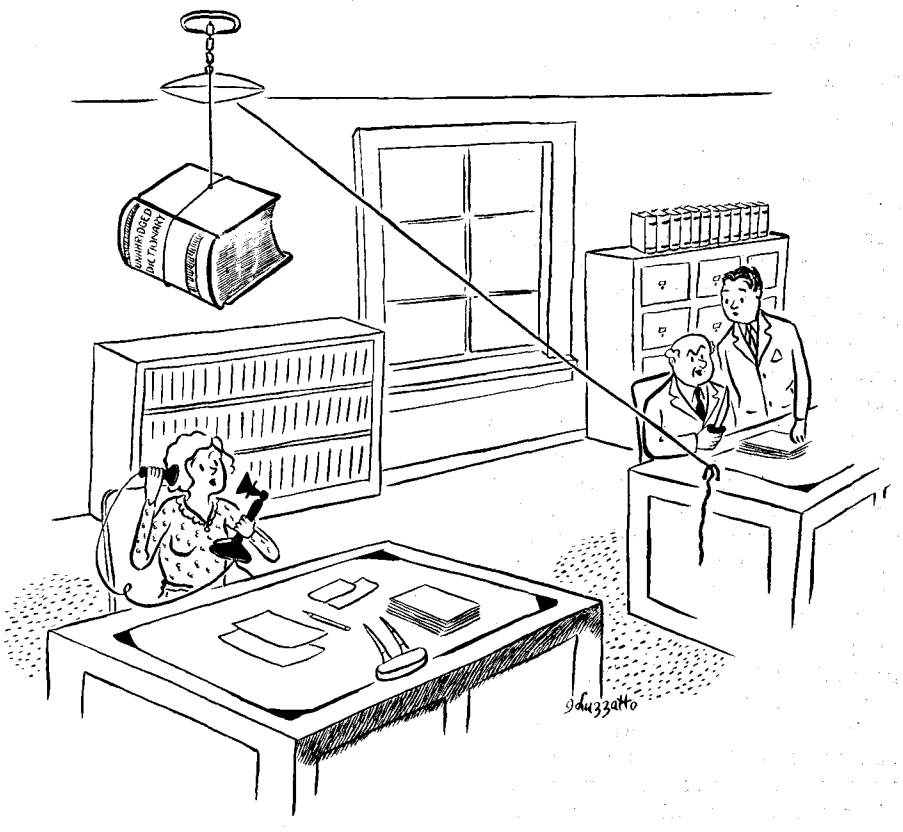
HOWARD HAYCRAFT.
New York City.

"Netless Tennis"

SIR:—Henry S. Canby, in his editorial ["Poetry and All That," *SRL*, Sept. 13], makes some reference to Robert Frost and a netless tennis game, which, I take it, was meant to disparage this sport. Twenty years ago, four New Jersey gentlemen and myself, disgusted with tennis nets, formed what I am sure must be the first "Net-Down Lawn Tennis Association" in the United States.

Frankly, Robert Frost or anyone else doesn't know what he's missing when he plays the conventional tennis, which has more unnecessary stooping and chasing than any other sport outside of marbles. We speed up the game enormously—and conserve our youth—by dispensing with the net and using only a bright white tape five inches wide across the court at the correct height. Thus all net balls which ordinarily would have to be retrieved (unless you are lucky enough to have a ball boy) go right through to the back court.

LAWRENCE GRAHAM.
Atlantic City, N. J.



"If she says 'all righty' once more, I'll let her have it."

SIR:—Robert Frost shrewdly and wittily announces that he would sooner play tennis without a net than write free verse. No one can argue with his decision, but that doesn't rule out netless tennis. It's just a different kind of game, with it's own disciplines, demands and subtleties. The fault lies not in the game but with the duffers, who think they know how to play it.

MELVILLE CANE.
New York, N. Y.

". . . Proper Woe"

SIR: — In *Shakespearean Tragedy*, page 12, A. C. Bradley quotes the line "themselves the authors of their proper use." I've looked in Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and in five other poets, but with no luck. Maybe the line is from Dante. Can any one locate it for me?

C. H. LEONARD.
Exeter, N. H.

The Quizzer Quizzed

SIR:—Referring to the Literary I.Q. of the issue of August 25, permit me to offer a correction, and to submit a question (for information):

Owen Meredith (*not* "Meredith Owen") was the nom de plume of Lord Robert Edward Lytton, English poet, and son of Lord Edward Bulwer Lytton. Those readers of my epoch will remember his novel in verse, "Lucille."

The question pertains to the true name of "Laurence Hope." Can you state authoritatively that it was correctly given in *SRL*?

B. V. CARNEY.
1865 Euclid Ave.
Berkeley, Calif.

Information, Please

SIR:—Could one of your readers tell me where I could secure a translation of Klopstock's hymn "Thou Shalt Curse My Soul." I will be grateful for any information on this subject.

E. W. PONTEFRACT.
Sewickley, Pa.

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The Inner War

BUSINESS AS USUAL. By I. F. Stone. New York: Modern Age. 1941. 275 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

I. F. STONE gets a head start in the battle that will flare up, as soon as the war is over, about who is to blame for the inefficiency of our war efforts. There will be plenty more, on both sides, and those who are tough-minded enough to take part in that struggle may as well start now to prepare their minds by reading this preliminary attack on the defense organizations. Whether it is tactful, or good defense policy, to violate the sweet spirit of national unity by attacking the leaders of the defense program need not be discussed. It is too late to decide to maintain sweetness and light till after the war. So here comes the heavy artillery.

The New Deal conclusions in regard to the lessons of defense are gradually taking shape, and tentatively they may be stated as follows:

The American "business man," jumbo size, is, with a few notable exceptions, not a business man in the sense of having a practical capacity for organization, production, or management. Note the form of this statement. There is no implication that real business men lack such capacities, but only that some of the products obtained for one dollar a year were not business men. This distinction is of the utmost importance when the cry arises that the New Deal hates business men.

The second conclusion is that in the case of a number of large industries, notably railroads, steel, power, and aluminum, the judgment of any first-line New Deal economist will be vindicated by events as against that of engineers and other experts familiar with the industry. How many other industries come under this principle, time will show.

The third conclusion is that the chief explanation for the inability of so many out size "business men" to understand business or predict the future lies in their origin in the monopoly sectors of the economy, mainly in high finance and corporation law.

"Business as Usual" consists of a preliminary documentation of these three conclusions. Stone's least effective argument comes at the beginning, with a recital of the material shortcomings of the defense effort. Necessarily, since some progress is being made, nothing is quite as bad as it looked when Stone was writing a few months ago. Moreover, it is an inseparable feature of any war effort that whatever is done is too little, unless and until it is validated by military victory, so that by definition, a defense effort without a shooting war must be always in a state of failure, relative to an ever-enlarging ideal.

Lotte Jacobi

I. F. Stone

At every point the conclusion stands out that though many Americans do know how to operate businesses and produce goods, most of the big shots just aren't that kind. One gets the feeling that the Administration had made the purely verbal error—like the needle in the soup—of hiring locomotive "engineers" to design railroad bridges.

The difference in ability to predict future events, as between New Deal experts and men whose only qualification is lifelong familiarity with the industry, has of course been conspicuously shown in the arguments over shortages. These incidents, Mr. Stone drives home with facts and figures. He also recounts in detail the case of aluminum, as a concrete illustration of the hypothesis that employment by a monopoly tends to atrophy the ability to understand business problems.

Persons who intend to take part in the great post-war struggle which these accusations foreshadow should use Mr. Stone's book in a severely practical way. It is foolish for either liberals or reactionaries to get off the main issue by chasing the unimportant rabbit of Mr. Stone's personal leftishness. It is true that the author is to the left of the present New Deal, as indicated by his acceptance of the Murray plan with too little sign of fear that it might open the way for a new NRA. But this is a minor point, almost as unimportant as his accidental confusion of tons with pounds in calculating the rubber required for tanks.

"Bearded Runt"

"FIGHTIN' JOE" WHEELER. By John P. Dyer. University, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press. 1941. 417 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

"PEOPLE never forgot Joe Wheeler once they had seen him." Certainly this reviewer has not, and it was more than two score years ago that I, as an Army child in the Philippines, beheld that bearded runt (5 feet 5, 120 pounds) of a fighting man. Because of his size, his personality, and his record both as a Confederate officer and a U. S. general, "Fightin' Joe" stuck in the memory, even that of a lad to whom soldiers were no novelty.

A biography of Wheeler was due. He rode through a lot of history. A battle cry of his still rings. Mr. Dyer seems a bit dubious about its authenticity, but it's one of our most refreshing military traditions. It was at the Battle of Las Guasimas in Cuba in '98 that the gallant old ex-Johnny Reb led a charge against the Spaniards with the shout: "Come on, boys! We've got the damnyankees on the run!"

His life was full of action. A youngster out of West Point, he served briefly on the Indian frontier. When his State, Georgia, seceded, he offered his sword to the Confederacy and, young though he was, did fine as one of the South's best cavalry commanders; would have done better if he had campaigned under an abler leader than Braxton Bragg. For years he was a stormy petrel in Congress. Then he donned Army blue—to the disgust of unreconstructed comrades—and fought some more.

This biography should be as vivid and dramatic as the blurb declares it is. But it isn't. The author carefully narrates every campaign tactic and maneuver in Wheeler's Civil War service, but he can't write a battle for sour apples. Sadly missing or scanty are the details, the human glimpses, which make one sense the thrill of a cavalry charge or the commoner panorama of blood and mud and agony and utter exhaustion which is war. One need not have fought in or witnessed a battle to write it. Stephen Crane had not yet been a war correspondent when he wrote "The Red Badge of Courage."

Too often the account of Wheeler's terms in Congress reads like excerpts from the *Congressional Record.* However, his exploits in our grossly-mismanaged war with Spain take on more life.

Finally, many of Mr. Dyer's footnotes seem unnecessary.

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Aydelotte in Action

AN ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION: Swarthmore College under Frank Aydelotte, by the Swarthmore College Faculty. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 236 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN R. EMBREE

FOR nineteen years a wise and passionately sincere leader has been trying to introduce sound education into an American small college. 'Leader" is just the word for Frank Aydelotte. He has been the moving spirit at Swarthmore for two decades. He had the original ideas. He stirred the faculty to want to put these ideas into practice, and he chose the new teachers to bring the ideas to fruition. He persuaded the conservative Quaker community to try what seemed to them a daring experiment, and he raised the money to carry the experiment through. Yet some way he avoided being a dictator or a fanatic. Aydelotte as a leader in a democratic college community is quite as interesting a study as the particular educational plan that is associated with his name.

Leaders in American colleges and universities are rare items. Try to think of even a half dozen presidents who today can be said to be of direct, constructive influence over their institutions. Frank Graham, perhaps, at the University of North Carolina, and Sproul at the University of California, and Hopkins at Dartmouth. And who else? You can think of plenty of tyrants who under stiff and stupid trustees rule their faculties by intimidation. You can name men whose personal ideas have got a lot of publicity without affecting their own institutions. You can think of several who have made a splash for a few years and then faded out or been thrown out. And there are hundreds of presidents who are simply business promoters or official managers. But the presidents who have ideas and also the gift of arousing the conservative college community to active coöperation in realizing those ideas—such men are rare indeed. Aydelotte is one of them. He has built a fresh center of learning and he has built it with the inspired help of the whole body of his colleagues. A proof of the coöperative spirit at Swarthmore is this book which the members of the faculty have written as a joint effort, as a joint tribute to their leader as he leaves Swarthmore to undertake another educational adventure at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

The heart of the Swarthmore plan

Richard Aldington

is the so-called honors courses. At the conclusion of the general college work of the Freshman and Sophomore years, about half of the class, as a reward for having shown unusual interest in scholarship, are allowed during their final years to concentrate on a small group of related subjects. Intensive, independent reading is directed and "inspired" by small seminars that meet for half-day sessions once a week under a faculty leader. Without the busy-work of lecture courses and daily recitations, without fragmenting their learning by many courses and the accumulation of credits, the honors students stand or fall by comprehensive examinations on the whole range of their two years of reading and discussing and thinking. The honors plan sounds simple enough when briefly stated. But it has been no simple matter to turn a college in these days of mass education and rote learning into a place where students and faculty alike are interested not in courses and credits but in learning and ideas. This is just what has been achieved at Swarthmore under Aydelotte to an astonishing degree, for the honors courses have affected the atmosphere and the standards of the whole college. This book is a good report on how the thing was done.

The book is written with quiet humor, with recognition of failures as well as successes, with zest tempered by sound sense. It is not exciting reading such as would come from the pen of fervid fanatics or of juicy scandal mongers. It is a sane record of a sane attempt to maintain an interest in learning and ideas in a small college. It is an important record, for through this adventure in education this small college has become one of the really influential institutions in America.

The Aldington Opus

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD. Chosen and Edited by Richard Aldington. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 1,272 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ENGLAND, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States, not to speak of Canada and South Africa, are all laid under tribute in this new "omnibus" anthology of English verse which contains one and a half times as many lines of poetry as appear in the best similar anthology now available. But quite aside from the matter of mere size, the poems have been chosen by a distinguished English man-of-letters with a considerable reputation as a poet in his own right. Mr. Aldington's is a popular anthology, but embellished by choices that only a man of ripe taste could have made. With his introductory letter to his publisher this reviewer finds himself in delighted agreement—in the matter of the Augustans, with respect to Shelley and Wordsworth and Kit Smart—in fact, throughout. Where Mr. Aldington turns up good things little known, as with the "Verses Copied from the Window of an Obscure Lodging-House," and where he pursues an original kind of selection, as with the blank verse from Marlowe's plays, he deserves complete endorsement. The present reviewer, as an American, is particularly glad to note his appreciation of the poetry of Herman Melville as instanced by generous selections. But it would seem that Emily Dickinson's strange love story had too far influenced Mr. Aldington's choices from her, and we ourselves should have chosen otherwise from William Morris. The selection from Lanier is original, but there might have been others more characteristic. What of John Davidson's "A Runnable Stag?" The Yeats section could have been much bettered. Two splendid poems by Lionel Johnson are not here. The brilliant work of Elinor Wylie seems treated in a manner strangely cursory, and Edna St. Vincent Millay fares little better. A facile poet like Frederic Prokosch is accorded two pages, and Louis MacNeice, a far better modern poet, allowed but a single slight lyric. On the other hand, a poem by a little-known modern Irishman, by the prosaic name of Dobbs, is a genuine discovery. These criticisms are of the kind, however, to be accorded any anthology. In general, Mr. Aldington's is a superior achievement.

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Three Unpublished Letters of Bayard Taylor

WITH NOTES BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

THE year 1825 marked the birth of Bayard Taylor, in Pennsylvania, and Richard Henry Stoddard, in Massachusetts. They began their careers humbly enough—the one as a printer's apprentice, the other as a worker in an iron foundry. They were to become two of the noted poets of our Civil War period; and if Stoddard's "Songs of Summer" and Taylor's "Poems of the Orient" have a flavor too remote for present-day readers, still these two life-long friends retain their niches in America's hall of literature.

Almost a hundred letters from Taylor to Stoddard lie before me. What letters these are! They give intimate glimpses of the life of the writer from the days when he was sorrowing over the death of his young bride, Mary Agnew; then through years of struggle as a journalist; travels in many lands; experiences as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, where he was accompanied by his second wife, Marie Hansen of Gotha; until the final period when Bayard Taylor, the translator of Goethe's "Faust," had reached the height of his career as American Minister to Germany.

The most fascinating of all these letters belongs to 1867. Twenty-two years earlier, Bayard Taylor had been in London, literally destitute, ill, and "without a single acquaintance" in the world's crowded metropolis. Now he had again visited it, a distinguished man of letters, welcomed and acclaimed. But it is not he who is the figure of central interest in the lengthy sereed sent briefly thereafter to his friend Stoddard in New York. In it young Swinburne, whose "Poems and Ballads" had shocked England to its Victorian core, is presented in a picture that has no counterpart. When I recall my own meetings with the author of "Laus Veneris," then a deaf old gentleman mildly drinking mild tea, it is difficult to identify the "wild creature only half tamed" of Bayard Taylor's portraiture. — Here is the letter:

Gotha, Germany.
March 11, 1867.

My dear Dick:

I should have written to you from London, could I have secured two hours in any way. But the engagements so accumulated that I finally *raced* through the last two days of my stay, and left with a great sense of relief.

We had a very pleasant passage of 9¾ days, and were welcomed to England by sunshine, green meadows, daisies, daffodils, and violets. I shall write to Stedman about our visit to Tennyson, so will say nothing about it here, but push on to London, which we reached on the evening of the 22d. Ten minutes after our arrival came Lorry and Josie, who had come from Edinburgh the day before. Our lodgings were almost vis-a-vis, in Dover St. and we were together during the eight days of my stay—perhaps the richest eight days of my life, for they embraced intercourse with the poets of England —Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Barry Cornwall, and Swinburne. It is specially about the latter that I intend writing to you. I have much to say, and I think the simple narration of my experience with Swinburne and the impression he made upon me will be of greater interest to you than anything else I could write.

The day after reaching London I met Hotten, who told me that Swinburne was at Holmwood, near Henley. So I wrote to him, asking now we could meet, and inclosing your letter. He answered next day saying that he would come to London, and that, short as my stay might be, we would come together. A day or two passed, and one afternoon, when I returned from the Crystal Palace with all the women folks (including Josie), I found Swinburne's card on my table. I at once went to Hotten's to find out where he was. The clerk directed me to H.'s private room, saying with a mysterious air: "there's *more* than Mr. Hotten in there!" The door opened upon Hotten, Lorry, and Swinburne, and a bottle of wine. The room was like the bottom of a well, about 6 feet square, with the light coming down from 15 or 20 feet overhead. I squeezed into a corner and Swinburne, turning towards me began to recite a verse from my "Continents"—"first queenly Asia," etc. saying that he knew the poem by heart, when a boy at school. Of course there was no feeling one's way into acquaintance after this: we dropped all the usual preliminaries, and thus saved time. Swinburne sat there, with his slight, delicate frame, and large, drooping, thoughtful head, surrounded by a dense pre-raphaelite cloud of golden-auburn hair, eyes of a dim bronze tint, like some wild creature caught and only half tamed. His talk was fragmentary and ecstatic, sometimes the head lifted and the words rolling out full and strong, then the voice dying into a whisper and the head falling on the breast. Add to this that his hands frequently whirled around on the wrist-joint like the vans of a windwill, that he sometimes stamped violently with both feet when you least expected it, or sprang from his seat and fell back into it with a flop, and you can imagine what a singular apparition he is. We talked of Italy, when he exclaimed: "I am an Italian: I hate and detest England! My chief is Mazzini!" He then pulled a long manuscript poem out of his pocket and showed me the title—"A Song of Italy." I don't know whether he had been drinking before coming to Hotten's, but although he only took two glasses of sherry, in an hour he became quite wild and incoherent. We all rose to leave, but his legs "wobbled" so that Lorry took one arm and I the other, and so we brought him through the streets to Lorry's room. Dix and I were to dine with Lorry, and the hour was at hand, so what to do we didn't know. We got Swinburne into an armchair, and Josie came into the room, but he didn't mind her presence in the least. In talking, he continually sprang up, and there was no guessing which way his legs would bend, after that. He had one fall, full length, flat on his back. We got him quieted a little: Dix came, we sat down to dinner, and to our amazement Swinburne seemed all right. He ate little, drank very little, and talked coherently, though in his ecstatic, broken way. I was obliged to hurry away, for Sothern had given us a box in his theatre, and Marie, Pattie and Lily were waiting for me. When I came back at half past ten, I found

Bayard Taylor

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that Swinburne had read the greater part of his poem to Dix and Lorry. He began again, after Dix left, but first insisted on reciting Victor Hugo's "Eastibelza." His two gods are Hugo and Mazzini. Finally he began. The poem is about 1,200 lines long, but he was two hours and a half in reading it.

It is red-republican to the core, overwrought and *trop exaltée* for a work of pure art, but full of glorious lines, and in most respects the finest thing he has written. He chanted rather than read it, and there were times when, as he turned towards me his inspired eyes, broad white brow and luminous hair, his face seemed like that of an errant (not erring) angel. It was Shelley come to life again: the resemblance is wonderful. I saw that the rhythm and music of poetry are part of his *physical* nature. His body became a shell, an instrument through which the lines beat and throbbed and vibrated. He is *all* poet: his nervous system is far too tensely strung by his splendid imagination and (I greatly fear) is slowly giving way under the strain. He cannot be very immoral, even with the best will, for there is not much of the physical about him and what there is, is completely ruled and trampled upon by his brain.

It was two in the morning before he had finished the poem and the talk which followed. Lorry had a spare bed for him, so I left; but the two of them talked until four. The next morning we were all to breakfast together, but when I went over at 10½, I found Lorry in bed, sound asleep, and Swinburne, wild with hunger, raging up and down the sitting-room. I called Lorry, ordered breakfast, and stayed until twelve, when I was obliged to go to Barings. Swinburne insisted that one or the other of us should stay with him; so Lorry took him to his own room in Dorset St. where I joined them in an hour or so. He has a quiet place, full of lovely sketches by Burke Jones, Rossetti and other artists. I found the two drinking beer, Swinburne stamping and whirling his hands in the maddest way, and talking of Italy, George Meredith, Matthew Arnold, Anactoria, Mazzini and leprosy. He pulled out a huge pile of manuscript, which he proposed to read to us—a work which he is now set upon, but will probably publish without his name. I had a long talk about his last book, in the course of which I said to him very much what I said to you. I told him he was mistaken, and ought to have omitted certain poems. He took my objections quietly, which I had not expected. Tennyson had told me that he was violently impatient of criticism. I think (and most earnestly hope) that he acknowledges the mistake to himself—but his intellectual wilfulness is colossal. I had much to do (this being my last day in London), and therefore could not hear the MS read. Lorry, also, was about going, but Swinburne said: "We must not part: if you both go, I'll go with you!" So we all went to Barry Cornwall's, at whose knees S. sat and whose old hands he held, as if he were a grandson. I left him there and went out to Chelsea to Dante Rossetti. The latter, one of Swinburne's oldest friends, told me that he and Meredith and all the other friends had tried their best to prevent Swinburne from publishing "Dolores," "The Leper," "Faustine," and the other abnormal poems: but in vain. He *would* do it. Rossetti entirely agreed with my views about them. He said that Swinburne is crazy about the Marquis de Sade's "Justine," and pretends to advocate all its abominations. This is a hideous affection. I don't believe that Swinburne is, or would be, guilty of such atrocities. His nature, from beginning to end, is purely ideal and imaginative, and he is therefore in a state of permanent rebellion against society. He knows no other method of self-defence than to shock and disgust, and he thus drives from him all those whose habits of thought grate upon his delicate sensitive organism. I am told that if he meets with a pious bore, he immediately begins to talk about "that fool, Christ!" His position is similar to that of Shelley in his *first* stage, and without associates who can do for him what Mary Shelley and Byron did for the latter, he will go to wreck. I never saw a man who moved me with such profound pity, admiration and anxiety.

I now understand Shelley thoroughly, through him. He is one of those natures who seem to have no business with the matter-of-fact of life. He is pure spirit, unadulterated by one atom of practical quality.

When I returned to our hotel I found that Swinburne had been there and spent an hour with Marie and Pattie. In the evening I went over to Lorry, and we all returned to our rooms. Swinburne read for us a chorus

of "Atalanta," French songs from Chastelard, and recited Hugo's "Chasseur Noir." His talk is full of exclamations of *"enfin!"* and *"ma!"* accompanied with violent whirling and jerking of the hands—all of which Lily imitates to the life, whenever we mention his name. He told me that he likes Chastelard best, because it was the result of much labor; "Atalanta" after the plan of it had been in his mind two or three years, was written "at a spurt." He wanted to know if my "St. John" had not been written in the same way. Towards 11 o'clock Lorry took him away again, as we were obliged to get up at five and leave for Brussels. He seemed loth to go, and talks seriously of joining us next fall in Italy. He spoke of you, saying that you had written him welcome and delightful letters and that he would like to know you personally. We parted with the mutual promise to be friends always—a promise which I, at least, intend to keep. The man has a terribly morbid twist in him, but he is a genuine and wonderful genius. He needs a balance, and for him it can only come through *personal* impression. I don't believe that his English friends know how to manage him, and feel sure that if we could be together a few months, I might be able to help him to that repose and equilibrium which he so sorely needs. He seemed to have some reliance or feeling of trust in me, when he found that I showed no sign of being shocked at his violent exclamations. A strange, sad, grand, unhappy creature! Rossetti don't believe he will change, but I do, if the beginning of the change can be brought about *at once*. A year or two more without change, and he will be either dead or insane. For God's sake don't show this to any one except Lizzie and Stedman, or print a word of it. But keep the letter for me to read again "after many years." I had a glorious time in London, but nothing impressed me so much as my adventures with Swinburne. I shall not lose sight of him. Pray write to me, care of Baring Brothers, London. Love to Lizzie from all of us. Marie and Pattie are laid up with colds. We have only been here two days. I'll write again soon.

Ever yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Ever yours," Taylor signed himself. And indeed he ever remained Stoddard's friend, though even prior to 1867, as again later, it was not always easy. The difficulty, one surmises, was largely due to the critical temperament of Stoddard's wife, Elizabeth Barstow. She seems to have been a woman who took offense easily, and who did not mince words. A wo-

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man of talent, as her three novels "The Morgesons," "Two Men," and "Temple House," show. While Bayard Taylor was courteous and conciliatory when occasional tiffs arose, he was as intellectually frank in commenting on her work as a novelist as Mrs. Stoddard was in criticizing his. In the first of the following letters we have that kind of forthright critique which is very rare in literary circles of friendships:

St. Petersburg, Nov. 21, 1862.

My dear Lizzie:

About ten days ago came the "Morgesons." We received the book without having submitted it to the examination of the Censor — which was fortunate. I am not certain that it would have passed. Marie and I compromised about the perusal, by reading it aloud in the evenings, so that we both enjoyed it at once. We read it in four evenings, with the greatest interest, recognizing *you* on every page. It has great merits and great faults —one as positive as the other—and I don't know whether I am most pleased or vexed. Let me give you my candid opinions—perhaps all the more impartial from the distance at which I write. The first impression the book makes is that of intense *subjectiveness*. This gives it a strong air of reality in the *incidents*—not so much so in the dialogue. After recognizing my marble arch with "Pandemoniam" upon it, I can believe that the incredible circumstance of a young lady and gentleman, both strangers, dancing a quadrille in the open street, must have happened somewhere. I have an idea that two-thirds or three-fourths of the book are made up from actual experience. The opening chapters are excellent, and the old grandfather's house at Barmouth is a fine place of Flemish painting. The subordinate characters are generally very well drawn.

The great fault of the book is the want of *conversational individuality*. Cassandra, Veronica, the father, Charles, Alice, Ben, Desmond, and even Fanny, all talk in the same abrupt, irregular, elliptical fashion. You never know what they are going to say, nor can you understand how they invariably bridge over so correctly the gaps of expression, which sometimes puzzle you who read. Cassandra is a strong, and in many respects, an original character—but she suffers for want of a background. If the characters around her were toned down, she would shine out far more luminously. *Her* style of conversation would be very effective, if the others did not share it—but, whatever their moral and physical differences, they are all affected with the same colloquial St. Vitus's dance. You feel a strong interest in Cassandra, without much liking for, or sympathy with, her. You follow her with a moral curiosity, neither concerned about her griefs nor rejoicing in her happiness. "What is to be the end of this creature?" you ask. Hence the end seems a little tame, after what has gone before—although the end itself is consistent. The book impresses me like a fragment of one of Michael Angelo's frescoes—a mass of powerful, struggling anatomy, which torments you while you admire, because you do not find, anywhere, the indispensable point of Repose, which every form of Art demands.

I have a fault or two to find with the mechanical construction. The dialogue—owing to short sentences and the family likeness of expression—often bothers you. One must go back and count the alternate lines to find out which is which. You might have safely added a good many "I saids" and "he replieds." Another thing for which I must blame Dick, is the frequent reference to false antecedents. I noticed dozens of instances, but will only quote one, to show you what I mean: (p. 172)—"sent Murphy in with wine and biscuit. I put my arms around his neck and kissed him, &c" on the same page, "Murphy brought in the roast mutton, except Adelaide," &c. Now, although one sees what you mean, the words mean something else —and this should not be.

The description of Surrey is very fine, but one gets no distinct idea of Rosville or Belem. You might have added more description, without damage. You are better, however, in details than in broad outlines and general characteristics. If the book had either been more lawless, or tamer, it would have been better. If Cassandra had sinned with Charles, one would feel a human interest in her. As it is she outrages conventionality to no purpose, and at the close of the book, you find that you are sorry to lose sight of Temperance, and Aunt Mercy, and the pictures of domestic life, but are glad that the heroine is married and out of the way. I can easily understand the conflicting opinions of your readers. The book will serve you a good purpose: it will call attention to your undoubted genius, and secure you a hearing, in advance, for the better books which you *can* and *will* write.

We are still living quietly here through the darkening days. We have barely six hours of sunshine and the Neva is bridged with ice. Our circle of acquaintances widens but slowly, but is largely enough for our needs. I am very glad to be here now. Being alone, I have conducted our national interests through the present crisis—how, I will not say, but I am satisfied. No American Minister, for the last fifty years, has had a more important position at this Court, than I, for the past two months. Take my critique patiently. Ever yours, B. T.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 390)

WILDE:
LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES

Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honour, all things fade,
Save Treason and the dagger of her trade.
. . . . . .

The year after "The Morgesons" appeared, Bayard Taylor's first novel, "Hannah Thurston," was published. The Stoddards now had their chance to tell Taylor what they thought of him as a writer of fiction. Stoddard's letter is presumably not extant. At least, Mrs. Bayard Taylor did not have it when I visited the dear old lady just prior to her final departure from America. Its contents may, however, be easily surmised from Taylor's reply:

Cedarcroft, Nov. 23, 1863.

My dear Dick:

I received your smasher this morning. It was intended for my nose, I presume, but I caught it on the right eye, which is black and somewhat *bunged,* in consequence. I had to call for my bottle-holder (Marie) before I recovered from the stunning sensation. Seriously, your letter did not surprise me, for I *knew* (by my spiritual insight) that neither you nor Lizzie would like the book. Still, I was hardly prepared for such utter damnation as you pour out. I did not expect you to like either the story or the characters, but I hoped the style might be found clear and lively, and the descriptions of nature good. But your judgment is a *pendant* to Lizzie's on my books of travel. Taking the two together, I am the biggest literary humbug that ever fed the public with prose.

Bear in mind, Dick, that I have the fullest faith in your honesty, and I would rather 10,000 times you should write just what you did than give me hypocritical praise. But your verdict upon "Hannah Thurston" is so utterly damning that it defeats its purpose. I have already received enough to counterbalance it (Boker, for instance, who says the book is capitally done)—to counterbalance it sufficiently to convince me by evidence external to myself, that the book is not such a failure as you think. All the characters

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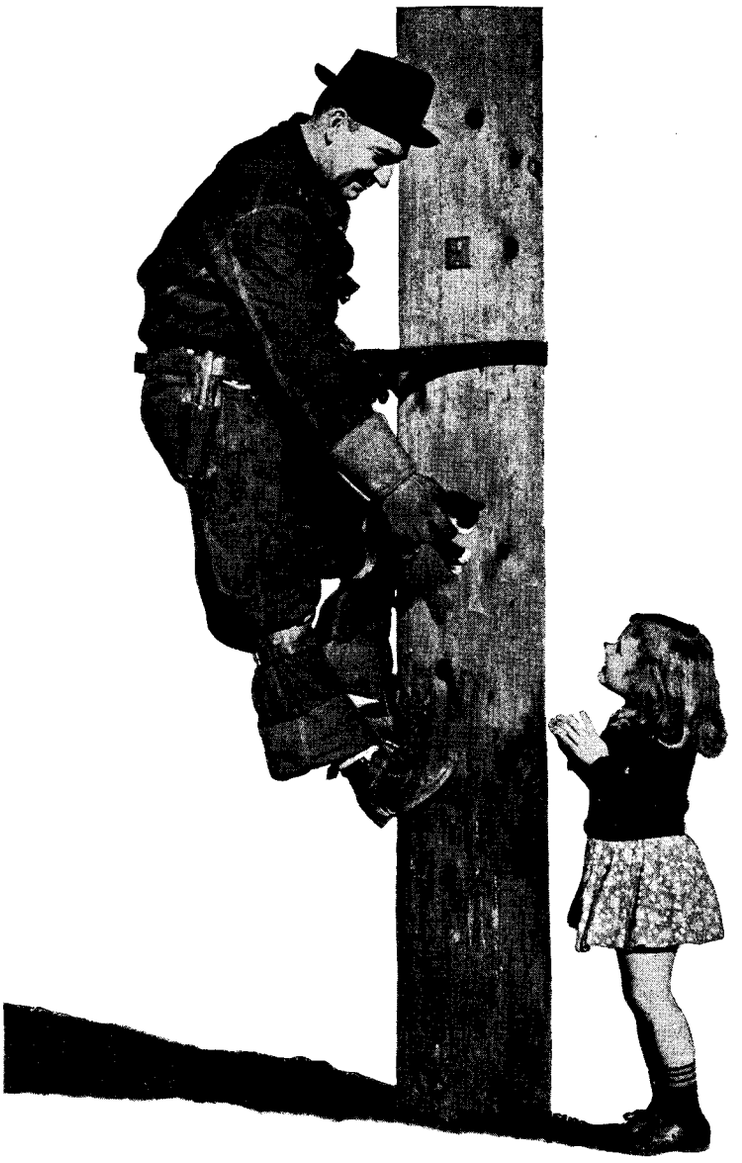
(except perhaps Woodbury), are outside the range of your experience—not only that, but they belong mostly to a class which you detest. There is nothing in them which naturally attracts you, and I have no right to wonder that you grew tired of them. Woodbury was my great difficulty, and I feel that he *is* rather wooden at times. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to have made the conversation more sparkling—but it would not have been true. The one great merit of the book is its *intense reality* — a merit which is acknowledged all around me by readers, as I knew it would be. It is snapped up and read in the country here, with the greatest avidity, and even the reformers whom I scarify, say that the *reality* of the book is their principal grievance. Your remark about Mrs. Babb saying "squinches and sich likes," shows how utterly ignorant you are of the types introduced. It is one of the very commonest expressions you will hear, in the country. What my failure *is,* I think, that I have depended on the reader being sufficiently interested in the characters to require little action and movement. The plot might have been made livelier, but that it is "slow and dull" to *all* readers, I cannot think, seeing that the scores who have spoken to me about it all say that they are reading the book the *second* time, already. Strodtmann wrote to me about it in terms of the most extravagant praise. If the book does not make a favorable impression in England and Germany I shall be much mistaken. You say you don't expect me to admit *the truth.* You ought to know me well enough to believe that I will always admit it when I see it—till then it is not truth to me. You may attribute *my* judgment of the book to vanity, but you have no more right to do that than I to attribute your criticism of it to personal hostility. I feel, in the inmost depth of my conviction, that the book has *not* failed in what I designed to do, though it may not be a good artistic novel—and hence I shall not give up the field. I shall write another novel, and maybe, half a dozen. I have a pile of *new* and capital material that I shall not throw away for a single adverse opinion. You would despise me, in your heart, if I did. You think I am mistaken—I think you are; so we are even. Lest (*sic*) us now consider accounts balanced, and start fair. B. T.

Bayard Taylor had been frank in his criticism of Mr. Stoddard's novel, but his phrases show that he did not at all enjoy Stoddard's frankness concerning "Hannah Thurston." In the words of my sometimes slangy secretary, "he could dish it out, but he couldn't take it."



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Taming of the River

THE COLORADO CONQUEST. By David O. Woodbury. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1941. 367 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

IN a rugged and picturesque narrative Mr. Woodbury dramatizes the forty years' grapple by man and man's devices to harness the Colorado River of the Southwest desert. From its canyons in the northern high country the Colorado flows generally south, at last to spread into a delta at the head of the Gulf of California in Mexico and drain on into the Gulf. But as illustrated by Mr. Woodbury's handy sketches, the Colorado Desert to the west along the river's lower course drains not to the south but to the north. It is moreover a great basin below sea level, and is lower than the river screened off by a line of dunes and flowing over a silt-built bed.

"The Colorado Conquest" details the gigantic efforts to capitalize this phenomenon of natural drainage not into the sea but into the interior; by means of a take-off canal around the dunes at the border to put a ring in the nose of the "Red Bull" and through controlled irrigation bring millions of flat, desert acres, named Imperial Valley, into production. Water was to be sold to colonists induced to file upon government land that without water was only a torrid waste. Nevertheless, to engineers and promoters it represented the pride of accomplishment.

The Colorado, however, was no meek Nile. By the droughts when the slow current of the silt-laden water shallowed the canal and filled in against the head gate; by the "flash" freshets when the cloudbursts in the upper country swelled the current until it raced to devour soil and buildings, the Colorado, like a crafty demon of Indian legend, sported with the trifling energies of man. Capitalists, engineers, water companies, land companies, the Southern Pacific Railroad, the "little people" who toiled with plow and spade, fought the Red Bull. Alkali, speculators, defective land titles, a disapproving over-paternal Government, Mexico through which the canal crossed—this combination aided the discouragement by drought and flood.

The saving outcome was that Boulder Dam which mastered the river in its canyons, controlled its range and changed its power into far carried voltage. To this vaster project, debated over by the jealous interests of seven states and made to run the gantlet of state and Washington politicians, Mr. Woodbury assigns his closing chapters.

They are another story. The semi-fictionized but factual recountal of human endurance in the Valley's struggle for a dreamed-of Utopia is Mr. Woodbury's confessed dearer story. The great majority of the performers are on record; yet Rockwood, the engineer, fighting through until he died, worn out; Heffernan, the ex-army surgeon, loyal backer, adviser and doctor at need: these two, for instance, are no more real than are Johnny Gay and his girlish wife Gabrielle, types of the "little people" thrown to the Red Bull. As embodying the pioneer spirit, "to me these are America." Mr. Woodbury (himself of the Imperial Valley) says in his Preface; "of all the brave ones I love them best."

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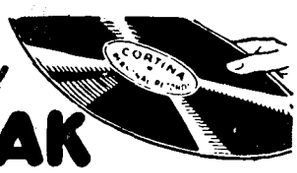

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White on White

The following book review by William Allen White appeared recently in the Emporia Gazette. *The book under review was "William Allen White, the Man from Emporia," by Everett Rich. It was reviewed in SRL, August* 16.

FIFTY-FIVE years ago or such a matter, when I was a brand-new reporter, aged 18, I had a tough assignment, probably the toughest I have ever had in all these years.

It was to write a review of a home talent musical show, in which my contemporary best girl was one of the stars. The tough assignment was in El Dorado, a little burg of 2,000, and all the town was watching me.

If I had said it was a good show—about which there were two schools of thought—I knew, even then. I would be accused of using the press corruptly to promote my private interests. If, on the other hand, I said it was a poor show, I wouldn't have any best girl. And if I wrote a piece full of ifs, ands, and buts, nevertheless and on-the-other-hands, I would be accused of carrying water on both shoulders. And the town could hoot at me. I just cut loose and praised the girl and let public opinion go bang.

Now another tough assignment—probably as tough as that one 50 years ago. It is to review Everett Rich's book, a biography of me. It is really a remarkable book. It reveals scholarly work, an immense amount of research, in which things are dug up out of a misty past that I had forgotten; probably forgotten because I wanted to forget them.

Nevertheless, Mr. Rich makes a consistent picture of a man who has grown, I hope, in grace, at least in breadth of viewpoint, in the 46 years he has lived in this town. It is generous, it is more than generous to me, kindly, charitable—perhaps I ought to say affectionate, and so put people on their guard. For I am not half so good as Mr. Rich would paint me.

But no matter what I think about the book, it is having the most extraordinary reviews from the nation's really important critical writers. The New York *World-Telegram,* the New *York Herald-Tribune,* the *Saturday Review of Literature,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* to name but a few, all join in the praise of the book, praise of Mr. Rich's craftsmanship, of his intelligent handling of a mass of unrelated details that he has put into a coherent, understandable story. They say he has made the picture of a man.

Maybe I am not that man, but it is someone. Maybe the Rich hero and I are just a couple of other fellows.

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Cook . . .

BOOT-HEEL DOCTOR. By Fannie Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1941. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

IT may be that this lively novel has an unfortunate title, for many readers are surfeited with memoir-like books about country doctors, preachers, lawyers, etc. But "Boot-heel Doctor" is not so much a book about a physician as a sociological novel dealing with the plight of the share-croppers in southeastern Missouri, which is close enough to the deep South to provide a color problem as well. Tobacco Road is a longer highway than many realize, and although Simon Legree no longer beats Uncle Tom to death, he callously steals the Negro's Triple A government checks and sentences a family to malnutrition—favorite American euphemism for "starvation." The small-town doctor is a sort of *raisonneur* by means of whom we are able to study the problems from the point of view of a humane native of average intelligence, rather than from the point of view of a trained social worker or a government expert.

The Missouri boot, "the sixth finger of the South," was an ordinary farming community until Southern cotton planters, pushing north to escape the boll weevil, brought with them the worst evils of tenant farming and share-cropping. Living conditions for the masses reached a shockingly low level (how many Europeans peasants live as meanly and squalidly as these folk?) until the savage flood of 1937 brought their misery to a climax that made relief compulsory. The book does not suggest a cure-all, but it ends with two gleams of hope: the general public is made aware of the problem, and the victims themselves are regaining some sense of human dignity.

"Boot-heel Doctor" is not a sociological tract but a moving story of human beings trapped in an economic system they do not understand and exploited by ruthless tricksters whom they are almost powerless to resist. Mrs. Cook has taken the melodrama of headlines of the great flood and of the sharecroppers' roadside sit-down strike and turned them into drama. She airs no economic creeds but keeps consistently to the human point of view. The grotesque humor of Caldwell and the harshness of Steinbeck are missing, but the novel is never soft or romantic. In the early part of the book the writing is self-conscious and studded with overvigorous figures of speech, but after a few pages it relaxes into a fresh and easy vernacular appropriate to character and scene.

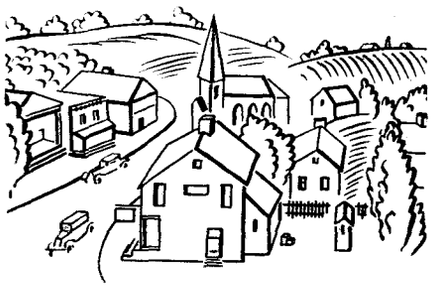
Williams . . .

THE STRANGE WOMAN. By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1941. 684 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

MR. WILLIAMS'S latest book is one of his best, and that rates it as a very good story indeed. Generally, it spans fifty years of Maine history, from 1814 through the close of the Civil War, and the faithful minutiae of that period, which is woven so skillfully into the narrative, would be enough to make it attractive reading. But towering above the historic background is one dominant figure, the character with whom the book stands or falls. It stands triumphantly, for Jenny Hager is unforgettably portrayed, a woman whose strange character and devious fate Mr. Williams has plotted quite literally from the cradle to the grave. She is strong and willful and evil, and as beautiful and desirable as evil can sometimes be. It is possible that she may repel many as they read, for no fictional heroine, not Scarlett herself, has represented so remorseless a concentration of destructive force. Yet not entirely remorseless, for there are a few revelatory moments when the mask of beauty and deception falters, when she writhes at the mercy of her own demon. It is this crack in the perfect surface, briefly glimpsed though it be, which makes the characterization complete and credible.

So remarkable a figure needed to be revealed with a variety of color that the ordinary single narrative could hardly afford. Mr. Williams devised a method which seems, as we read, to be the natural and inevitable one. Jenny Hager entered and altered the lives of seven men (although the first only slightly), and Mr. Williams gives us his book as a series of seven histories. Into each comes Jenny, at different ages, seen at different levels of her growth and strength. There are natural overlappings and coincidences, like searchlights that meet at a spot in the sky, and the general effect is indeed of a comparable brilliance, one figure fixed in the glare of seven searching fingers of light.



When bombs began to rain on "Our Town"...

It happened to be an English village—but it could have been any small town in the United States. For THE OAKEN HEART is a truthful story of what ordinary people must go through in total war. Margery Allingham's picture of "war in the small town" shows what amazing people the British really are; and this letter from an English publisher helps reveal why we believe her book is one you should not miss:

COPYHOLD FARM
Curridge, nr. Newbury
26th, July, 1941

Dear Mrs. Youngman Carter:

Bob Lusty has probably told you what I think of "The Oaken Heart" but the book has impressed me so much that I feel I must write to you about it and offer my congratulations.

Although I knew he was enthusiastic, I was—to tell the truth—rather dubious before I read the book: possibly because I have a sort of prejudice—hard to explain—against books about the war, especially books which deal with "the home front." Perhaps I expected something like "The Provincial Lady in Wartime": or something hearty and cheerful like those absurd "Keep it Dark" Fougasse posters or worse still, something grim and pseudo-heroic and Kiplingish.

None of these things seems to me to get within a thousand miles of what people in this country are really doing and thinking. But your book really does go to the heart of things. No one could doubt, whether they read the book now or in years to come, that that is just how people did talk and behave in the anxious days before and since the war. And the book is so much more than a faithful record. I can't remember ever reading anything which crystallises so well the courage and good humour and common-sense of ordinary people.

As an interpretation of English character it will take some beating. If this war produces anything as good, let alone better, I shall be surprised. And I shall also be surprised if the book is not generally acclaimed the best thing the war has produced. I can't imagine not recognizing its quality and sincerity; except, as I told Lusty, the Germans. It would baffle them completely.

I heartily congratulate you on the book, and I am proud to be associated with its publication. Lusty will, I know, do everything possible to make the book an outstanding success. He is very excited about it and I hear from another of my staff that no book with the exception of "How Green Was My Valley" has had such a build-up in the office.

Yours sincerely,
MICHAEL JOSEPH

Margery Allingham's

THE OAKEN HEART

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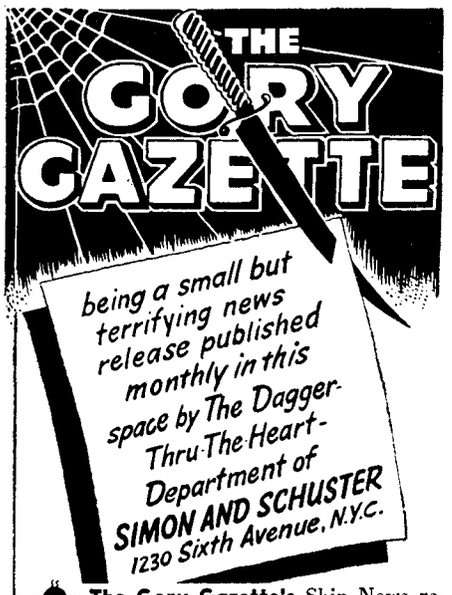
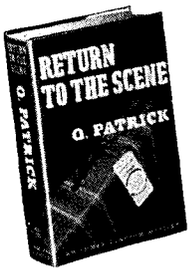

THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The Gory Gazette's Ship News reporter tells us that it's tougher every day to get a visa to Bermuda. This being the type of problem we love to wrestle with, we wrestled with it. **The Gory Gazette** is now proud to tell its readers that we have found one practical and economical way to get around the State Department.

Read the latest Inner Sanctum Mystery, *Return to the Scene*, by **Q. Patrick.**



Here, without the expense of passage, extra play clothes and new luggage, you can enjoy all the pleasures of a Bermuda jaunt. In addition, your friends will not commission you to smuggle back eccentric knicknacks and/or cases of Scotch, you will not have to send lying postcards inscribed "Wish you were here," you will not have to risk life and limb re-learning how to remain seated on a bicycle, and **The Gory Gazette** guarantees a complete absence of sea-sickness.

Above all, you'll have an unusual amount of excitement on your trip. Along with you will go Kay Winyard, returning to Bermuda to stop a wedding, and seething with dangerous secrets. On arrival there'll be a corpse, together with as fascinating a group of suspects as any traveller could hope to meet. To say nothing of clues —like the bride's bloodstained dress that somebody tries to destroy, the silver bathing cap clutched in the dead man's hand, the weird tracks on the swimming beach, and the water-stained leather cushion.

Of course you'll be too busy trying to solve the case (any bets you can't do it?) to get the most out of the enchanting Bermuda setting. But enough of it ought to rub off to furnish you with bits of information that will dazzle your envious friends.

Therefore **The Gory Gazette** recommends, for that post-vacation exhaustion, and pre-Fall lassitude; in other words, as an unbeatable tuner-upper.

RETURN TO THE SCENE
by Q. Patrick ($2)

THE WRITING GAME

(Continued from page 4)

be having a hard time deciding about ours. Besides, he didn't ask us to send it in.

Then fifteen days later back it rolls in the long brown envelope. The letter which accompanies it is pleasant, but just the same it hurts. Seems there wasn't any place for the article at the moment. Thanks for letting the editor see it . . . if you have any more ideas. . . .

So now what?

Now we've spent the best part of a month, one twelfth of the writer's year; about $75 in cash; and no inconsiderable amount of labor; all for nothing. Moreover this article is timely. It must be sold immediately or not at all. If we don't get rid of it soon it will be too late and our work wasted. What shall we do?

Wait a minute. Magazine K in make-up and contents is a good deal like Magazine C. I'll call the editor on long distance and ask whether he'd be interested at all in such a story. Sure, I'll tell him the facts. I'll say it was prepared for Mr. Jones of C Magazine, but got crowded out. Here, hand me that telephone.

What's he say? He says that if it's as good as we say, he may be able to use it if he can find room in this issue. But only a chance. Anyhow, he'd like to see the thing, so we'll shoot it along immediately by airmail. One thing, this time we won't have to wait long to hear the verdict.

Nor do we. Two days later a wire comes. The story is acceptable, and he'll pay us $300. Not a great deal, but we'd better take it and think ourselves well out of that hole. Let's see, we spent over three weeks on this piece. To be sure, there were the proofs we corrected as well as several odd jobs. But most of the time we were working on that article. Then out of that $300 comes the expenses for the trip to Washington. Think we're overpaid?

Probably not. But there isn't much we can do about that price, because the editor has the last word. Prices for articles range all the way from a

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A TASTE FOR HONEY *H. F. Heard* (Vanguard: $2.)	Poison-bearing bees kill sinister apiarist's wife and nearly get inquisitive Englishman, who is saved by extraordinary recluse.	Highly satisfactory and original blood-chiller made even more delightful when a Great Light begins to Dawn on wondering reader.	Ambrosial
THE CHUCKLING FINGERS *Mabel Seeley* (Crime Club: $2.)	Great Lakes estate sees two murders, several attempts, and keen-scented sleuthing by young girl and local cops.	Author of "Whispering Cup" scores again with highly emotional and shivery yarn of vengeance murders in lumber magnate's family.	First rate
APPLEBY ON ARARAT *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Six castaways from torpedoed liner find refuge on South Seas islet where Insp. Appleby solves murder and successfully stalks bigger game.	Super-abundance of amazingly good talk crowds detecting into corner, with Appleby turning into an avenging angel in fantastically thrilling finish.	*Tour de force*
ACES EIGHTS AND MURDER *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Rich New Yorker slain after hiring Desmond Shannon to spot card shark. Sleuth avenges employer at peril of life.	Muddled affairs of particularly obnoxious set of drunken and amoral society folk get thorough and thrilling ventilation.	Speedy
THE MAN WITH THE WOODEN SPECTACLES *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.)	Murder in Chicago lawyer's office, wicked plot to ruin girl attorney, 327 pairs of specs and many other matters.	Typical Keeler compendium of data on almost everything under the criminal sun, a tortuous plot, and great gobs of conversation.	For Keeler fans
NO LOVE LOST *Robert Reeves* (Holt: $2.)	Murders in California sporting sub-world solved by Cellini Smith, than whom they don't come tougher.	Lurid and lively yarn of double-crossing gangsters, trans-Pacific oil speculators, yeggs, pugs, soft-voiced cops, and incessant action.	Tobasco

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couple of thousand to a couple of dollars, depending on the article, the name of the writer, the timeliness of the subject, the way it is handled, and the budget of the editor, among many things. Of course we could yank this piece. But if it isn't sold now it won't be sold at all. So take it and be thankful.

Several months later the article appears. Our friends congratulate us. Pay no attention to them. Only believe them when they wax indignant; that's when they tell the truth. Don't be frightened if you've stepped on someone's toes and the squawks come in. Nowadays a writer can't say it looks like rain without offending the Chamber of Commerce of Glendale, California, and drawing a letter of protest to the editor.

Now are we through with that piece? By no means. When you sell an article you sell only what are termed "first American serial rights." This means the magazine buys only the right to reproduce your article in its pages before it or a shortened version has appeared elsewhere. But there are other rights which as a rule an editor will release to you as the author on request. For instance, second serial rights may be bought by a newspaper syndicate. Or a digest magazine may wish to reprint it, condense it, and pay for the privilege.

Possibly some business firm may want to revise your article and publish it as a booklet, or in their house organ. If so, charge them money. In this way we may pick up $25 or $50 extra with no additional labor. Moreover the article may have radio possibilities. For all these you will get whatever the piece is worth to the purchaser. Sometimes a few dollars; sometimes a few hundred.

Our article had a happy if not an overprofitable ending. But maybe after all our planning, effort, and work, after the material has been gathered, after the piece is written and checked, it is turned down. It may even come back with a printed rejection slip. Such things have been known to happen. Worse still, the editor-in-chief may be taken to the hospital for an operation, and no decisions will be taken until his return. When he comes back, he suddenly recalls he gave Smith the writer and radio commentator a go-ahead on an idea of somewhat the same tenor. So we have our trouble for nothing.

If so, be assured we are only getting what every author gets. There probably isn't any writer on earth who hasn't received rejection slips, and most of us, I'm sure, will do so until the end. I, myself, have a lusty drawer full of them, and if they come less often than they did twenty years ago, and if they are more politely couched, they still come. Still hurt, too.

What then shall we do? Charge it all to profit and loss. Put the article away in the B File, start a new idea at once. What is the B File? Literary agents all have a B File which is the graveyard of unsold manuscripts. That's gone. That's over and done with. Forget it, momentarily anyhow. Make a note, however, to bring it up next year. Maybe then we can bring it up to date, add a new angle or a new twist, and sell the thing. But now plunge full speed into something. For writing is a business and writers are not gents in ivory towers, but practical business men who must act the part.

The other day a lad who had just graduated from Northwestern came to see me. They come all the time, these boys, from Michigan and Yale, from Pennsylvania and Princeton. This one had been editor-in-chief of the student daily newspaper, and had his pockets full of clippings. I refused to look at them.

"Never mind the clippings, I know you can write."

"How do you know?"

"Because you have a degree from a good university. Because you were on the undergraduate newspaper. That isn't the point."

"No?" He was puzzled.

"Not at all. The point isn't whether you can write. Hundreds of folks can write. The point is whether you can take it."

This article is a preview of "This Writing Game," to be published shortly by the A. S. Barnes & Co.

Newspaper History

AMERICAN JOURNALISM. 1690-1940. *By Frank Luther Mott. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1941. 772 *pp., with index.* $5.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

DR. FRANK LUTHER MOTT, author of the standard "History of American Magazines" and Director of the School of Journalism at Iowa State University, has outlined his knowledge of daily and weekly and magazine journalism in one volume. The result is a readable and broad-beamed book on "American Journalism: A History of Newspapers in the United States Through 250 Years, 1690 to 1940."

The framework of Dr. Mott's book suggests the scope of his treatment.

HERE'S BLOOD IN YOUR EYE
by MANNING LONG
. . . a story of a red-headed girl and a cat and a cad—
the newest and gayest
BLOODHOUND MYSTERY
$2.
DUELL, SLOAN and PEARCE

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He has sections on "The Beginners 1690-1795," "The Press in the American Revolution 1765-1783," "The Party Press: Early Period 1783," "The Party Press: Middle Period 1801-1833," "The Party Press: Later Period 1833-1860," "Journalism in War and Reconstruction 1860-1872," "The Rise of the Independent Press 1872-1892," "The Rise and Fall of Yellow Journalism 1892-1914," and "The Modern Newspaper 1914-1940." The sections are further divided into topical chapters, such as "Mechanical and Business Phases," "The Newspaper as Leviathan," "What the Papers Printed at the Turn of the Century," and "Depression, the Radio, and Pictures."

Despite such virtues, I recalled with questioning at the end of the volume Dr. Mott's statement in his preface that the book "is chiefly directed" to those "who look to history mainly for help in understanding present problems and for guidance in facing the future." So little is said in his book—three very brief references—about the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, a powerful influence upon editorial policy. The American Newspaper Guild is presented inadequately and as a peripheral concern. The Child Labor Amendment, so successfully combatted by daily newspapers in enough states, rates one sentence. And then one meets this explanation for the trend towards local monopolies among dailies:

> The wish to have opposition parties and cliques represented had resulted in the establishment of more papers than were necessary to serve their communities in the purveying of either news or advertising; and with the decline of partisan feeling as a dominant motive in journalism it became possible to reduce the number of papers.

He does not point to the societal consequences of this practical limiting of freedom of propagandas. He does not mention that only 66 of the 1,439 cities of publication in 1937 had dailies which furnished a choice of political labels, that only 181 in 1941 furnish a choice of ownerships.

Perhaps historians should not point morals. But Dr. Mott says he wants his work to have functional utility, to furnish "guidance in facing the future." Such guidance can only be furnished by a full and candid view of pertinent facts and their significant relationships.

Alfred McClung Lee is Executive Director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis and the author of "The Daily Newspaper in America," and "The Fine Art of Propaganda."

Crow on South America

MEET THE SOUTH AMERICANS. By Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 343 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by KATHERINE RODELL

ALTHOUGH Mr. Crow has made a tour of most of the South American capitals he does not undertake to tell us what our South American policy should be and why. This in itself gives his book a special charm, and the very unpretentiousness with which he sets down his shrewd observations gives them a greater force and value. He is not ashamed to confess his interest in the things that every tourist notices—the marble mosaic pavements of Rio, the incredible cable railway from Sao Paulo down to Santos, the steel shutters that close over the shop fronts, the fact (and the why) that South American women wear black. And because his interests range from the incidence of blondes to labor unions, from taxi drivers to foreign trade, his comments make a better introduction to South America than do many more solemn volumes.

In only a few instances does Mr. Crow cease to be an excellent reporter and indulge in editorializing on the basis of his observations. Not unnaturally, he yields to this temptation when discussing such serious matters as foreign trade and Nazi infiltration; but they are dangerous subjects on which to generalize. For example, in the chapter "Can We Keep Our Export Trade?," Mr. Crow says some very true and extremely sensible things about the excellence of and the demand for American products. It is a much-needed antidote to the scare stories of how impossible it is for us to compete with the Nazis in the South American market. But to conclude from this undoubtedly accurate observation that we need have no fears about our South American trade is perhaps unduly optimistic. Foreign trade is not an exclusively one-way proposition, and unfortunately it depends on other factors than the superiority of our manufactured products.

In discussing the strength of Nazi propaganda in South America, Mr. Crow gives enormously interesting and heartening figures as a result of his own survey of the amount of Transocean (Nazi propaganda) news in the South American newspapers. In the cities which he visited he found that, compared to the use of the A. P. and U. P. services, the percentage of this faked news was laughably small. It may be that the same percentages will be found throughout the provincial press of South America; but until such a survey is made it seems premature to conclude that the Nazi propaganda machine is bumping along on one cylinder, as Mr. Crow so cheerfully assures us. Further, Mr. Crow nowhere mentions the fact that for the past year Nazi propaganda in South America has been largely carried on through the organizations of the Spanish Phalanx (the Spanish Nazi party). This propaganda, since it has the ostensible blessing of the mother-country, Spain, and is carried on by Spanish agents, is infinitely harder to spot and more difficult to combat than is the old-fashioned propaganda dished out with a thick German accent.

The best thing about Mr. Crow's book is its simplicity and lack of pretense. If he errs on the side of excessive optimism in the matter of trade, he also performs a useful service in exploding some of the myths that have been fostered in the United States about the strength of the Nazi trade menace in South America. If Mr. Crow knew South America as thoroughly as he does China, we might expect a model of interpretation from him. I hope he will go back and perhaps later let us have another volume that will combine more thorough knowledge and analysis with the freshness that gives this introductory work its vitality and charm.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

11. Frances Alda.
25. George Arliss.
18. Maurice Baring.
1. Mary Ellen Chase.
6. Irvin S. Cobb.
17. Noel Coward.
21. Ely Culbertson.
23. Geraldine Farrar.
2. Edna Ferber.
7. Maurice Hindus.
20. James Huneker.
10. Peggy Hopkins Joyce.
12. Helen Keller.
3. Eva Le Gallienne.
16. Lotte Lehmann.
5. Alice Roosevelt Longworth.
19. Seumas McManus.
24. Somerset Maugham.
8. H. L. Mencken.
22. Edwin Muir.
4. Ernest Poole.
9. Alice Hegan Rice.
13. G. B. Stern.
14. Arthur Train.
15. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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TRADE WINDS

GOSSIP is a marketable commodity. As long as it holds readers and increases circulation it will be printed, and the men and women who write it will continue to be able merchants.

We bring this up because we believe the forerunner of our present gossip columns was a journal of literary information, criticism, and reviews—*Current Literature*. This journal enjoyed considerable popularity in the 1880's, and its pages were thumbed in the best circles where literature was discussed, and in the cultural circles where gossip about authors and their works formed the tone of conversation. Perhaps some of the older *Review* readers recall *Current Literature*.

We are intrigued by the gossip it gave readers and it seems to us the present commentators who cover Broadway and its various industries are put to shame by this *Magazine of Record and Review*. In the first place, we had little idea there was so much rivalry and petty animosity between the authors of the eighties. We find, for instance: "Some of the Scribner pets turn up their noses at some of the Century's protegees, and Harper's can produce contributors who turn up their noses at both." But that isn't all. New York with all its scores of publishing enterprises is just a "hick" town: "Literary society, as a body, in New York is not nearly so fashionable an institution as it is in Boston." This despite that fact that one of the most gracious hosts was Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker, poet, and critic. Another able host was Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, at whose home "you meet most of the cream of literary society."

★ ★

☞Julian Hawthorne, Marion Crawford, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry James, Edgar Saltus, and Bret Harte are among the best looking of men, the last named of whom had a method of living that put "beauty away for ever." Madame Lanza dresses like the average society woman and is addicted to white furs. Mrs. Stoddard is an "extremely sensitive woman and it has been heard that she cannot bring herself to look the second time upon a portrait of Keats which hangs behind the door of her husband's library."

★ ★

☞The present crop of columnists should pay tribute to *Literature*. And so do we, for we offer a few notes and comments on what we believe is fresh and new among the hundreds of forthcoming books: *Book Babble* (with a bow to the Broadway commentators, *Current Literature*, and Joseph Addison): Vincent Sheean in from London and slightly pessimistic until more and faster aid from America is forthcoming . . . Carl Carmer's first novel, "Genesee Fever," in the hands of his publishers and out in November . . . Will Boston and Dr. Conant chuckle over "Pardon My Harvard Accent," the exciting autobiography of William G. Morse, purchasing agent at Harvard University! . . . Longest book title on the Fall list, "In Defense of Mothers or How to Bring Up Children in Spite of the More Zealous Psychologists." Leo Kanner, the author; John Hopkins University Press, the publishers . . . Scattered octavos and quartos to Richard Aldington for omitting Adelaide Crapsey, William Rose Benét, Christopher Morley, Ogden Nash, and Maxwell Bodenheim in "The Viking Book of Poetry of the English-Speaking World" . . . "Murder Out Yonder," and "Murder for Pleasure" are unquestionably the two crime books that belong on every amateur detective's shelf . . . The new Poe biography by Arthur Hobson Quinn will give a complete record of the careers of Poe's parents in the theatre . . . Lucius Beebe, the gentleman with the New York *Herald-Tribune*, has just completed his third book on railroads. "Trains in Transition." Two hundred photographs by the author.

★ ★

☞Like oysters? Then to "Consider the Oyster" for all the rare, secret, mysterious recipes. M. F. K. Fisher's book gives you fascinating legends and history, or is all this just too trivial? . . . Eric Linklater is in the department of Public Relations, London . . . One of Farrar & Rinehart's big books of the Fall is "I Paid Hitler," by Fritz Thyssen. Publishers have no word from the author and are fearful he has been imprisoned or killed by the Germans . . . 900,000 is the figure reached for the abridged edition of 90,000 words of "The Soviet Power," by the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury.

★ ★

☞The "Ten Gift Book" unit in an attractive solander case prepared by the American Artists Group, will make many a child happy. Among the authors are Rockwell Kent, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Russell T. Limbach, Roger Duvoisin, and Manuel Komroff . . . For a sparkling game of mental gymnastics for the long winter nights look up John T. Gause's "Fun with

This malevolent, sinister new tale of crime and horror is the only new novel this season, by

Joseph Shearing

author of THE CRIME OF LAURA SARELLE, etc.

THE Golden Violet

SALLY BENSON says: "Mr. Shearing is adept at stitching together his swooning heroines, his young baronets, his flickering candles and hothouse fruits, with a strong red thread of murder. THE GOLDEN VIOLET is the story of a 19th-century lady novelist who discovers that guns really go off when one presses that little trigger. . . . Mr. Shearing is a superb writer, a careful technician and a master of horror. There is no one else quite like him."—*The New Yorker*. 321 pages, $2.00

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Phoney Spelling." It is a game of mental sport whereby the players are given a short paragraph or verse in the correct form and spelling and the contestant is to simplify the spelling and shorten the sentences according to the rules as outlined in the booklet. Write to the House of Little Books, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and start having fun . . . Mr. James Nelson, former vice-president and advertising director of the *Review* is now with *Harper's*, while Mr. Frank Taylor, formerly of Harper & Bros., has become advertising manager of the *SRL*.

★ ★

☞A number of "firsts" are contained in the collection of short plays edited by William Kozlenko, which John Day has just issued under the title *American Scenes*. In his search for material to suit his basic theme—the panorama of contemporary America—Mr. Kozlenko obtained from Manuel Komroff, Pietro di Donato, and Leane Zugsmith, their first writings in the dramatic form. Richard Wright and Benjamin Appel contributed their first efforts in radio play-writing, and Arnold Sundgaard his first short story. Other authors whose works are included are Paul Green and Irwin Shaw.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

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The Muse—An Anthology of Modern Poetry, edited by Devora Lovell. Straub ($10.00). Now **$2.49**

In American—The Collected Poems of John V. A. Weaver, Knopf ($3.50). Now **$1.49**

The Mythology of All Races. Edited by R. H. Gray, Cannon J. A. McCulloch and George Foote Moore. Available only in Vol 2 (Eddic Mythology); Vol. 4 (Finno-Ugric, Siberian Mythology); Vol. 6 (Indian, Iranian Mythology); Vol. 10 (North American Mythology). Published by the Archaelogical Institute of America, at $15.00 a volume. Now **$4.98**

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

ONE. From current AMERICAN NOTES & QUERIES, terrestrial medium of exchange (7 West 44th, New York City): "What does a ghost say?"—Curious?

THE RAF WANTS—correspondence. "The reason for this being our mail from England is very irregular—and we three airmen of the Royal Air Force now are serving in Canada. As you know, when one is in the service a letter is much appreciated." Three RAFers, Red, Blondie and Freckles. Box 599-E.

NEW HOUSES FOR OLD—In new or old styles. (Apartments, too.) Decorating assistance and advice by trained, experienced, degree-d and globe-trotted interior architect. Box 699-E.

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FOUR SEASON VACATIONLAND—beautiful wooded hiking trails, boating on private lake, excellent fishing, tennis courts, record library, dark room, open fireplaces—and good food. $27.50 the week. Special weekend rates. The Woodlands, Phoenicia, New York.

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LITERARY CONTEST: Open to amateurs and professionals. Articles, stories, essays, sketches, poems. Prizes $15 and $20. Send for rules and address manuscript to "VILLAGER," Bronxville, N. Y.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issues of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

LITERARY FEMALE wishes to share inexpensive apartment with another of same or similar species. Box 592-E.

YOUNG MAN, 30, university graduate in journalism, competent stenographer, office management experience, seeks job in New York with opportunity for writing. Box 593-E.

PERSONALS

YOUNG LADY TEACHER desires correspondence with young Catholic man. Box 600-E.

PRIVATE SECRETARY, cultured young lady with unusual literary abilities, excellent general education, experienced in all secretarial duties, seeks position. Box 595-E.

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AT SHATTUCK INN nestled neath Monadnock Mountain . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals, complete relaxation fill vacation days with contentment Amiable people. For Booklet, write G. L. Austermann, Jaffrey, N. H.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all," but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey Marjorie Cooper, Box 10-AD.

A COZY HOMESTEAD IN THE HILLS. Rural beauty, friendly atmosphere. Accessible year around. The Farm on the Hill. Box 237, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

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G. T. Must we space you out with "W"s?

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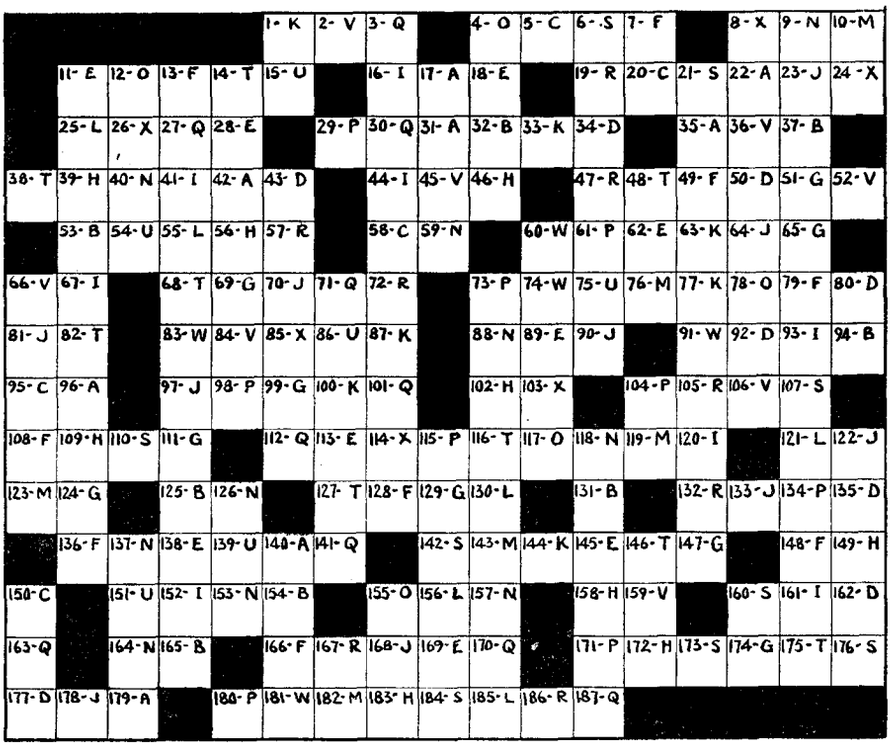
Double-Crostics: No. 391

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1938 edition)***.

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. 12th-13th century wandering students (jesters or minstrels).

B. Burning of a heretic, or a similar execution (comp.)

C. Floral emblem of Hawaii.

D. Byzantine church built under Justinian.

E. Author of *The Old Oaken Bucket* (American; 1785-1842).

F. Advances beyond; leaves behind.

G. Cowardly wretches.

H. False claimant in famous English heritage case (1865-71).

I. English playwright (1881-1913) *(Hindle Wakes)*.

J. Youthful vigor (2 wds.)

K. Author of "The Kreutzer Sonata" (1890).

L. English philosopher (1588-1679).

M. Quixotically adventurous.

N. National symbol of the Saxons (2 wds.)

O. Low flat lands near a river (Eng.)

P. Abuses (verb).

Q. Athenian historian (471?-400? B.C.)

R. Thrilling; suddenly and violently exciting.

S. Vagueness, indistinctness.

T. Gratifies so as to surfeit.

U. In a manner destitute of sensation or motion.

V. Title and hero of various mediaeval metrical romances (2 wds.)

W. Maneuvers gently or carefully.

X. Canterbury Tale pilgrim

WORDS

179	17	140	22	35	31	96	42	
131	94	154	32	37	125	53	165	
95	150	58	5	20				
34	135	43	80	50	92	177	162	
18	169	113	28	11	138	62	145	89
148	128	7	166	108	13	79	49	136
147	65	129	99	51	69	124	174	111
158	172	39	109	102	56	183	149	46
161	41	152	120	16	44	93	67	
90	133	81	178	70	97	23	168	122	64
100	1	77	33	144	63	87		
130	55	121	185	156	25			
76	182	123	143	119	10			
88	137	118	126	59	164	9	40	153	157
117	12	78	4	155				
98	171	104	180	73	115	29	61	134	
163	101	71	30	187	141	27	170	8	112
19	186	72	47	167	57	105	132		
142	110	173	160	184	176	107	6	21	
48	68	175	14	82	38	116	146	127	
86	139	151	75	54	15				
106	66	36	84	45	159	52	2		
181	83	60	74	91					
24	103	85	114	26	8				

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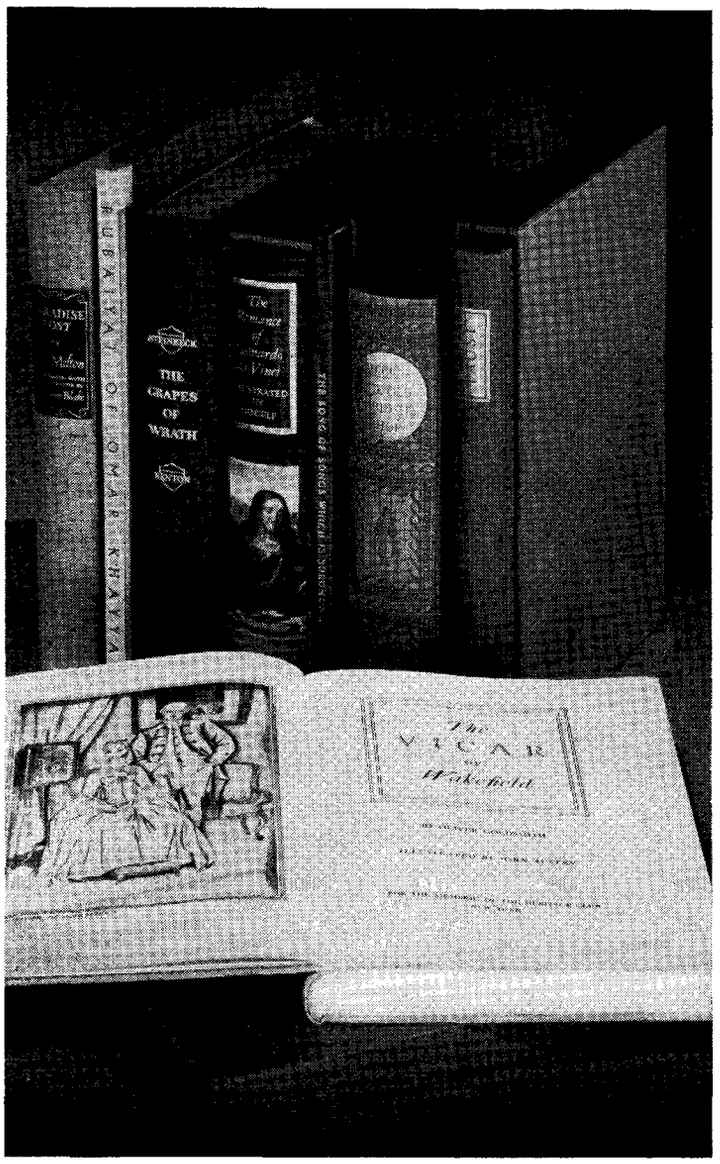

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